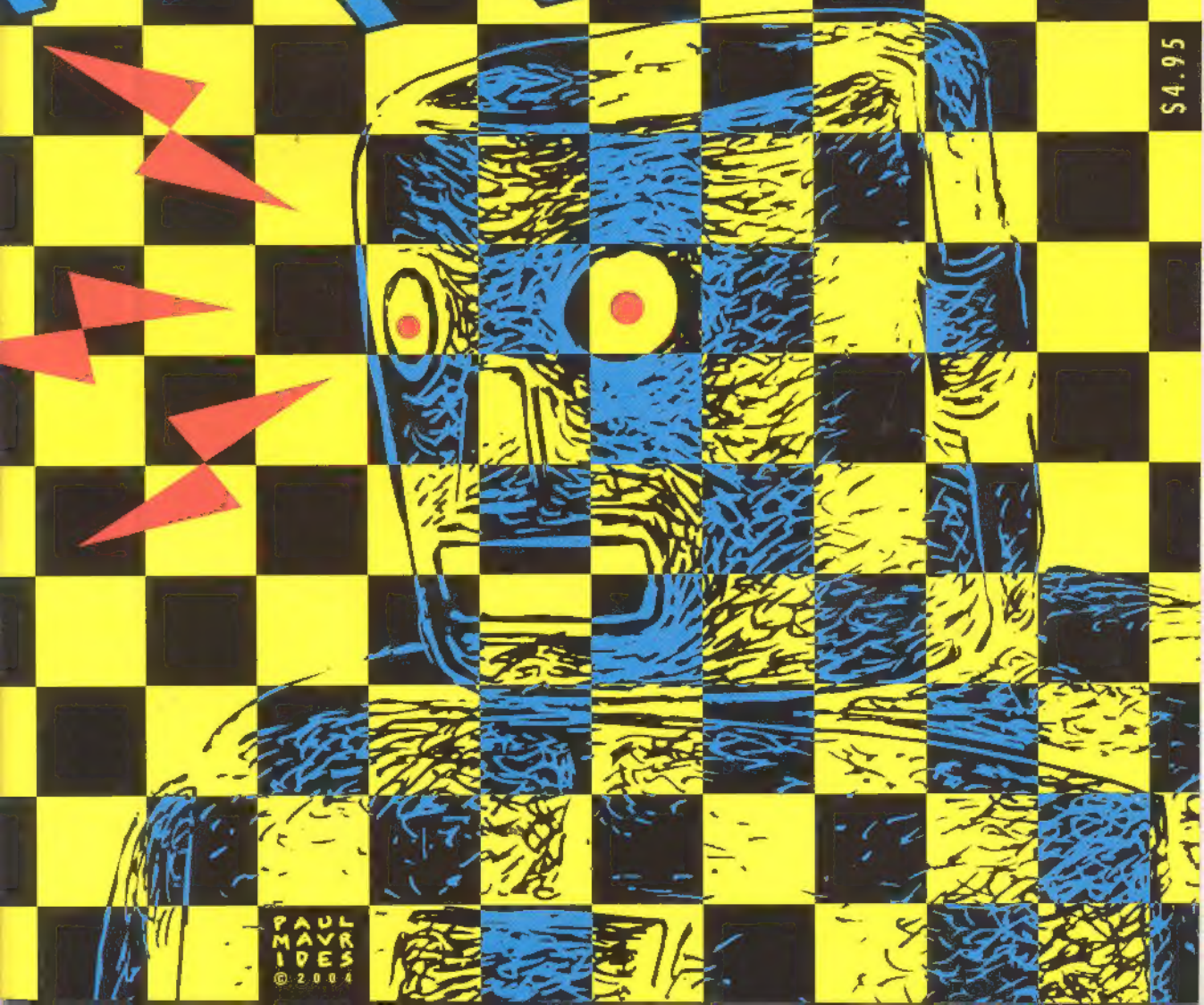


ADULTS  
ONLY

LAST  
GASP

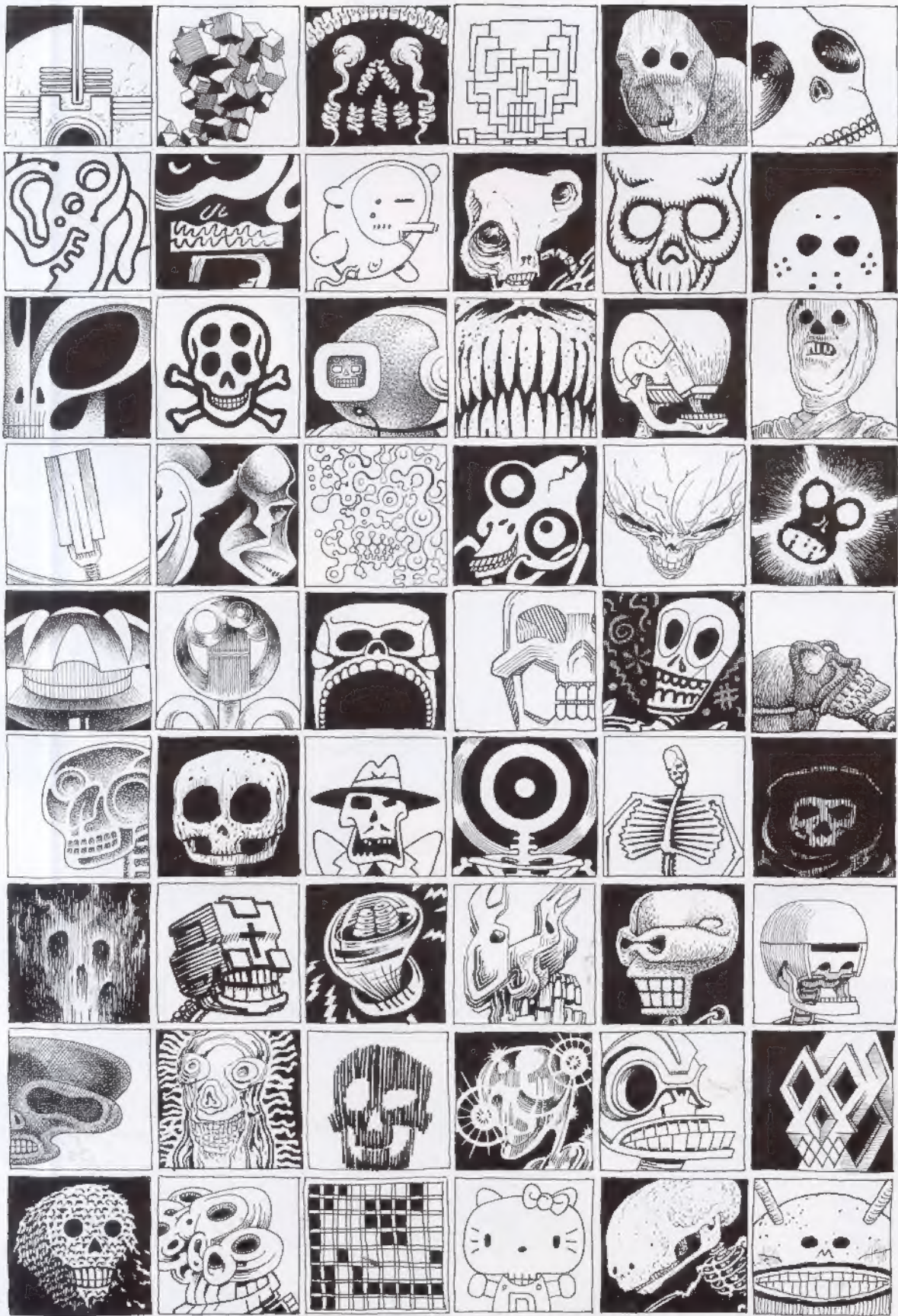
# KRAPE



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# JESUS FUCKING CHRIST!

P A U L M A V R I D E S © 2 0 0 4 .









# WALKIN' THE STREETS

WHEN I WAS A  
YOUNG MAN I USED  
TO WALK THE STREETS  
AT NIGHT.

MAYBE I SHOULD JOIN  
ONE A' THOSE LEFT-WING  
POLITICAL PARTIES OR A  
FOLK MUSIC CLUB...

PFF... THAT'S NOT  
FOR ME... I HATE ALL  
THAT JOAN BAEZ  
CRAP...

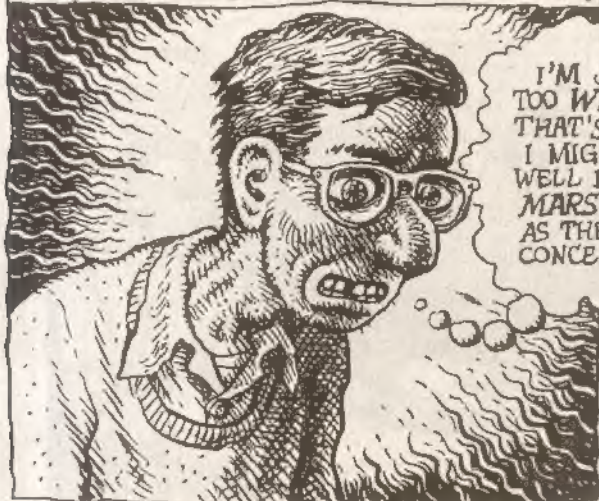


by  
R. Crumb

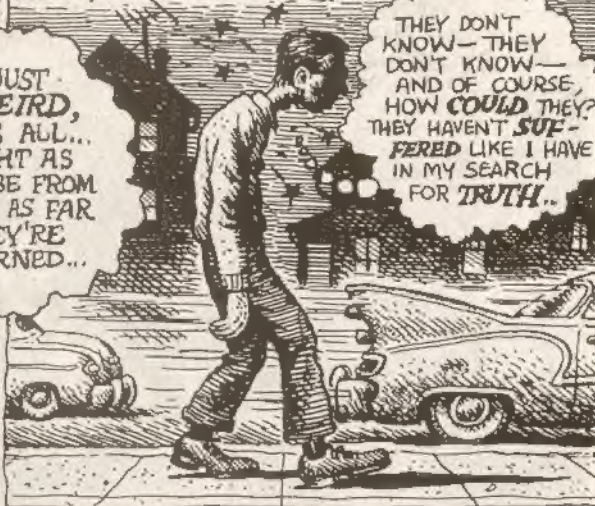
STARTED  
1972  
FINISHED  
2004

SURE I WAS DEPRESSED AND ANGRY... WHY  
SHOULDN'T I BE? I WAS JUST BEGINNING TO  
DISCOVER THE TERRIBLE INJUSTICE OF IT ALL!

AS I WALKED THE STREETS I NURSED MY  
FEELINGS OF ALIENATION, HONING THEM TO A  
SHARP, STINGING INTENSITY...



I'M JUST  
TOO WEIRD,  
THAT'S ALL...  
I MIGHT AS  
WELL BE FROM  
MARS AS FAR  
AS THEY'RE  
CONCERNED...



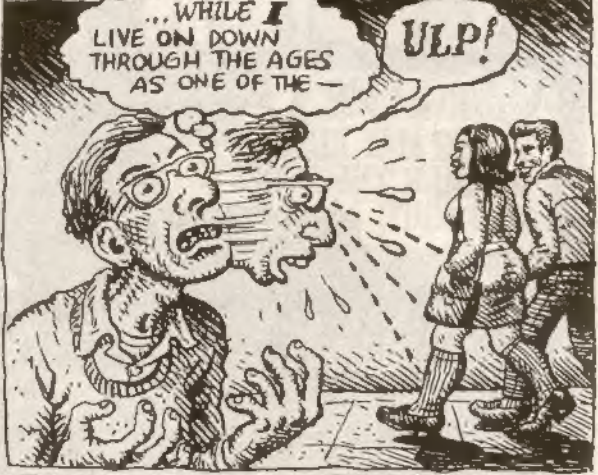
THEY DON'T  
KNOW— THEY  
DON'T KNOW—  
AND OF COURSE,  
HOW COULD THEY?  
THEY HAVEN'T SUFF-  
ERED LIKE I HAVE  
IN MY SEARCH  
FOR TRUTH...



I HAD NOTHING BUT A TOWERING **CONTEMPT** FOR HUMAN SOCIETY, WHICH WOULD'VE BEEN FINE EXCEPT FOR ONE THING...



...THE **LUST**... THE OBSESSIVE DESIRE TO POSSESS AND DO **WEIRD THINGS** TO THE ROBUST, SUPPLE BODIES OF SOME OF THEIR **WOMEN**...



IT WAS THIS **DESIRE** THAT ALWAYS DRAGGED ME DOWN FROM THE HEIGHTS OF SUPERIORITY TO THE LOWEST DEPTHS OF **INFERIORITY**...



I SPENT AN UNHEALTHY AMOUNT OF MY TIME WALLOWING SHAMELESSLY IN **SELF-PITY**...



AFTER HIGH SCHOOL I TOOK A YEAR OFF AND DID NOTHING. MY FATHER WAS DISGUSTED WITH ME AND MY OLDER BROTHER CHARLES, WHO NEVER DID LEAVE HOME.



NOT THAT IT WAS PARTICULARLY PLEASANT IN MY PARENTS' HOUSE—PAR FROM IT— BUT I COULDN'T THINK OF ANY PLACE ELSE TO GO...





**B**EFORE I FLED FROM THE NEST CHARLES AND I WALKED THE STREETS OF THE TOWN TOGETHER.

I AM NOTHING... I GO AROUND PUTTING ON AN ACT, PRETENDING I'M INTERESTED IN THINGS WHEN I'M NOT, AND IT'S SUCH A TERRIBLE STRAIN...

I ENVY YOU, ROBERT, BECAUSE THERE ARE MANY THINGS THAT YOU ARE GENUINELY INTERESTED IN...

HM!



**H**E WOULD ALWAYS BARE HIS SOUL IN A MOST HISTRIONIC MANNER.

THAT'S TRUE, BUT SO ARE YOU...

NOT REALLY... I DON'T REALLY GIVE TWO SHITS ABOUT ANYTHING... EVERYTHING BORES ME... I USED TO PRETEND I CARED ABOUT THINGS LIKE ART AND PHILOSOPHY—TO GET ATTENTION, I SUPPOSE...



**W**E WERE THROWBACK MELANCHOLY NINETEENTH CENTURY ROMANTICISTS...

NOTHING MATTERS EXCEPT GIVING AND RECEIVING LOVE... ALL ELSE IS VANITY AND LIES...

YES... YOU'RE RIGHT... LOVE AND BEAUTY ARE THE ONLY THINGS WORTH LIVING FOR...



OH YEAH, RIGHT! TEN YEARS BEFORE "BIBI" ASS COMES

**S**OMETIMES LATE AT NIGHT THE COPS WOULD STOP US AND WANT TO KNOW WHAT WE WERE DOING...



QUAKING WITH FEAR

WE'RE JUST OUT WALKING...

WHERE DO YOU BOYS LIVE?

295 SUNSET TERRACE...

**W**E OFTEN WALKED PAST THE HOUSE OF MARTHA WHEATLEY... ON SUMMER EVENINGS SHE WAS ALWAYS SITTING OUT ON THE FRONT PORCH WITH HER MOTHER...

JACKIE TODD\* SEEMS TO THINK THAT THE ONLY MEANS BY WHICH ONE CAN SOLVE ONE'S PROBLEMS IS BY KNOCKING THE SHIT OUT OF SOMEBODY...

SNICKER CHUCKLE



\*: HIGH-SCHOOL CLASSMATES OF OURS

**A**S WE PASSED THEY WOULD SILENTLY GLARE AT US...



REMEMBER THE TIME YOU STOOD OUTSIDE JACKIE TODD'S HOUSE AND GAVE HIM A LECTURE ABOUT THE STATE OF HIS SOUL? SNICKER...

HE CAME BAR-RELING OUT THE FRONT DOOR AND THREATENED TO KNOCK THE SHIT OUT OF ME... GIGGLE...



THIS HAPPENED SO OFTEN IT BECAME A THING WITH US... WE WOULD WALK PAST THEIR HOUSE JUST TO BASK IN THEIR HATRED.



WE SILENTLY FELL IN BEHIND AND FOLLOWED THEM, ALMOST BREATHING DOWN THEIR NECKS... THEY DID NOT TURN AROUND OR ACKNOWLEDGE OUR PRESENCE IN ANY WAY...



THEY TURNED, WALKED UP ONTO THEIR FRONT PORCH AND WENT INSIDE.



"YET DID I DREAM!  
ALL THIS?  
I REMEMBER ONLY  
VAGUELY  
THE HIDEOUS  
REALITY."  
-JEAN-PAUL SARTRE

ONE EVENING OVER ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN...



NEITHER WE NOR THEY UTTERED A WORD FOR THE TEN MINUTES IT TOOK TO REACH THEIR HOUSE...



FUNNY...IT WAS A PRETTY LITTLE TOWN... AN OLD-TIME KIND OF PLACE, TUCKED AWAY AMIDST LUSH GREEN WOODS, FARMS, LAKES AND CREEKS.





ONE DAY CHARLES AND I MADE A PACT.

THE FIRST ONE OF US TO DIE HAS TO TRY TO MAKE CONTACT WITH THE ONE WHO'S STILL ALIVE. DO YOU AGREE?

ALRIGHT... THEN THE ONE WHO'S STILL ALIVE WILL KNOW FOR A FACT THAT THE SOUL REALLY EXISTS...



ONE OF THEM TURNED AND SMILED AT ME. IT WAS CHARLES. HE LOOKED RADIANT, HIS HANDSOMEST SELF. HE DIDN'T SPEAK, BUT I GOT A VERY CLEAR MESSAGE THAT HE WAS IN A SORT OF SCHOOL ON ANOTHER PLANE OF EXISTENCE. HIS EXPRESSION ASSURED ME THAT HE WAS HAPPY TO BE THERE.



WE COULD KEEP THIS UP FOR HOURS, SWILLING AND RECITING FAR INTO THE NIGHT.

'TIS A CONSUMMATION DEVOUTLY TO BE WISHED! TO DIE, TO SLEEP! TO SLEEP! PERCHANCE TO DREAM! AYE, THERE'S THE RUB! FOR IN THAT SLEEP OF DEATH WHAT DREAMS MAY COME!!\*



\*HAMLET

CHARLES KILLED HIMSELF IN 1992, AT THE AGE OF 50, WITH A HUGE OVERDOSE OF THE MEDICATION HE WAS TAKING. A COUPLE OF YEARS LATER I HAD A LUCID DREAM. I SAW A LOT OF PEOPLE IN WHITE ROBES STANDING AROUND QUIETLY DISCUSSING...



NOT THAT THIS PROVES ANYTHING, BUT IT'S SURE MADE A VIVID IMPRESSION ON ME!

DON'T WORRY, I HAVEN'T TURNED INTO A TRUE BELIEVER.

NOT YET, ANYWAY...

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THOSE DAYS, CHARLES WOULD OFTEN DRINK WINE AND PUT ON A SHOW. HE WOULD RECITE SPEECHES FROM SHAKESPEARE IN A SATIRICAL EXAGGERATION OF JOHN BARRYMORE, ONE OF HIS HEROES.

IS THIS A DAGGER WHICH I SEE BEFORE ME, THE HANDLE TOWARD MY HAND? COME, LET ME CLUTCH THEE! I HAVE THEE NOT, AND YET I SEE THEE STILL.\*



\*MACBETH

EDGAR ALLEN POE WAS ANOTHER ONE OF HIS FAVORITES...

...I THINK IT WAS HIS EYE! YES, IT WAS THIS! ONE OF HIS EYES RESEMBLED THAT OF A VULTURE! A PALE BLUE EYE WITH A FILM OVER IT!

WHENEVER IT FELL UPON ME, MY BLOOD RAN COLD!\*



\*THE TELL-TALE HEART



THESE DRINKING BOUTS ALWAYS ENDED—  
ALWAYS—WITH HIM BEING SICK.

HAPPENS  
EVERY TIME...

AWWWHUALP!!  
OOHHHH...  
BLAUGHH!-



I ASPIRED TO BE MORE PHILOSOPHICAL  
AND SPIRITUAL BUT MY MIND WAS CLOUD-  
ED BY LUST.

...NOW, I REALIZE THAT  
THIS IS AN EXTREMELY DIFFI-  
CULT THING TO DO, BUT IT IS OUR  
DUTY AS ARTISTS TO SEEK OUT THE  
TRUTH BEHIND THE MASK THAT  
MOST OF SOCIETY WEARS...

YOU CLAIM TO BE AN ART-  
IST, DO YOU  
NOT?

YES, I SEE  
YOUR POINT,  
SURE...



I- I WANT TO  
HAVE INTIMATE  
PHYSICAL CON-  
TACT WITH  
JOANNE PLUNK!

JOANNE PLUNK?? YOU  
MEAN THAT BIG OL' FAT-  
LEGGED THING THAT  
LIVES IN THE YELLOW  
HOUSE DOWN THE  
STREET??

YEAH, BUT  
HER LEGS  
AREN'T  
REALLY  
FAT... THEY'RE  
QUITE  
SHAPELY,  
IN FACT...



THAT'S JUST THE KINDA CRAZY GUY MY OLD-  
ER BROTHER WAS. STILL, HE HAD A POWERFUL  
INFLUENCE ON ME. HE WAS ALWAYS SEARCH-  
ING FOR THE DEEPER MEANING OF LIFE.

WHATAYA SAY, BUDDY. LET'S HAVE  
A TRUTH SESSION. LET'S TRY TO GET  
BEYOND ALL NORMAL CONVER-  
SATIONAL CONVENTIONS AND PEN-  
ETRATE TO THE CORE OF WHAT  
WE REALLY THINK AND FEEL...  
HOW 'BOUT  
IT, JACK?!

WELL, WE  
COULD TRY... I  
DUNNO...



CONSTANT FANTASIZING ABOUT GIRLS SER-  
IOUSLY IMPEDED MY MENTAL DEVELOPMENT!

FIRST YOU HAVE TO RELAX...  
LET THE THOUGHTS FLOW SPON-  
TANEOUSLY... YOU MUST RELAX... TRY  
TO REMOVE ANY FEARS THAT YOU  
MAY HAVE AND FEEL FREE TO  
SPEAK AS YOU WISH...

ULP!



WE COULD  
BE CRUEL.

YOU HAVE THE  
HOTS FOR HER??  
OH MAN! JOANNE  
PLUNK! HA HA  
THAT'S RICH!

YEAH, I  
DO... TO ME  
SHE'S...  
WELL...

CHUCKLE  
SNICKER

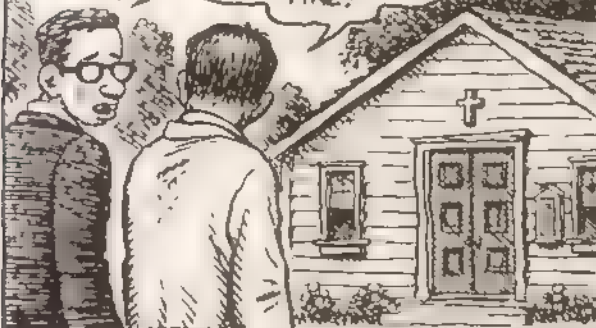




**D**URING OUR RELIGIOUS PHASE MY BROTHER AND I ATTENDED SUNDAY SERVICES AT MANY DIFFERENT CHURCHES TO SEE WHAT THEY WERE ABOUT, INCLUDING A SMALL BLACK ONE. CHARLES' FRIEND TOM FREEMAN WAS THE SON OF THE MINISTER OF THIS CHURCH.

Y' THINK WE CAN GO IN THERE, REALLY??

COME ON, TOM TOLD HIS FATHER WE WANTED TO COME TODAY AND HIS FATHER SAID SURE, CERTAINLY, FINE!



**S**OON THE WHOLE ROOM WAS A MASS OF ROCKING, CLAPPING, SHOUTING PEOPLE. CHARLES AND I HAD NEVER WITNESSED SUCH BEHAVIOR IN CHURCH BEFORE.



**T**HEY ALL SEEMED TO TAKE TO THAT IDEA. THE REVEREND FREEMAN ORDERED US TO STAND UP AND THEN HE ADDRESSED GOD IN OUR BEHALF...

LORD, FORGIVE THESE TWO POOR WHITE BOYS! LET THEM RECEIVE JESUS TODAY! FORGIVE THEM, LORD!



**T**HE CONGREGATION SANG SOME HYMNS, THEN THE REVEREND FREEMAN READ FROM THE BIBLE AND PREACHED A SERMON, BECOMING INCREASINGLY EMOTIONAL AS HE WENT ON. THE MEMBERS BEGAN TO SHOUT AND FLAIL ABOUT.

AY-MEN!

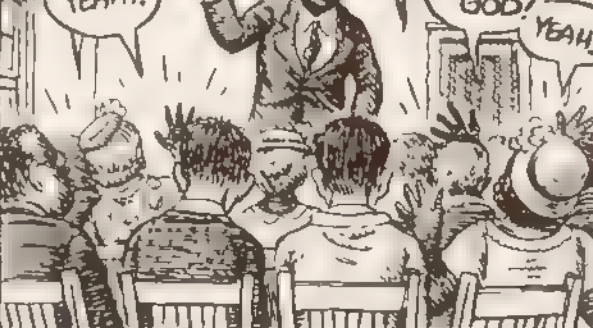
OH YEAH!!

A-AY-MEN!

OH TELL IT!

PRaise GOD!

YEAH!



**W**E SAT THERE, DETACHED OBSERVERS UP TO THIS POINT, BUT THEN A LADY STOOD UP AND POIN-  
TED AT US AND STARTED YELLING ABOUT SAVING THE SOULS OF "THESE TWO POOR LOST WHITE BOYS."



**T**HE CONGREGATION THREW THEMSELVES INTO SAVING US. THEY SCREAMED AND WEPT FOR US AS WE STOOD THERE, FROZEN. MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN ROLLED ON THE FLOOR. I FELT NO RELIGIOUS FERVOR, ONLY ACUTE EMBARRASSMENT.



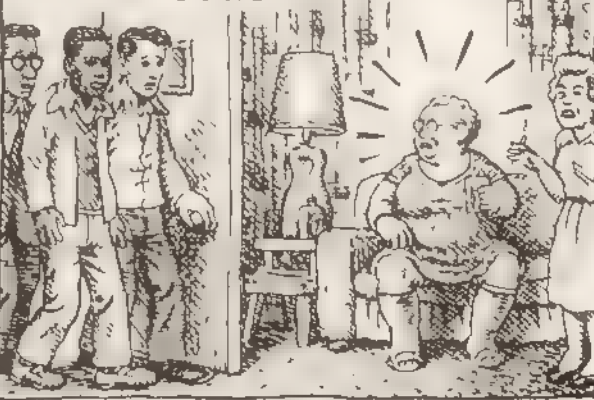
**F**ORTUNATELY WHEN THEY SAW THAT WE WERE BOTH HOPELESSLY REPRESSED THEY QUICKLY WENT BACK TO THE BUSINESS OF SAVING THEIR OWN SOULS.



OUR GRANDMOTHER, VIOLA JACKSON (MY MOTHER'S MOTHER), WAS A FOUL-MOUTHED, BIGOTED OLD HARRIDAN. SHE WAS ALWAYS RANTING ABOUT "THE GODDAMN NIGGERS".



CHARLES WOULD SOMETIMES BRING TOM FREEMAN, THE MINISTER'S SON, AROUND TO OUR HOUSE TO DISCUSS PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION, STUFF LIKE THAT. ONE DAY THE THREE OF US HAD THE BAD TIMING TO WALK IN THE FRONT DOOR WHILE MY GRANDMOTHER WAS OVER VISITING...



MY MOTHER, ONLY MODERATELY RACIST HERSELF, IMMEDIATELY TRIED TO COOL THE SITUATION...



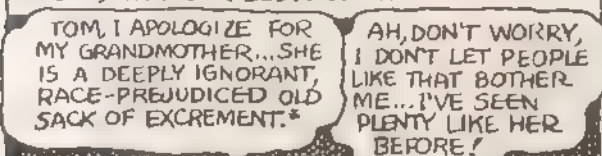
\*I DON'T THINK SHE EVER ACTUALLY MET REV. FREEMAN.

I COULDN'T LOOK... I TURNED AWAY...

NOW IF ONLY ALL YOU PEOPLE WOULD BE LIKE THAT WE WOULDN'T BE HAVIN' ALL THIS CRIME AN' MURDERIN' IN THE CITIES, SOME A'YOORZ ACT LIKE ANIMALS BLAH BLAH BLAH...



CHARLES QUICKLY HUSTLED TOM OUT OF THERE, INTO OUR BEDROOM...



OUR SUBURBAN TRACT HOUSE WAS A LUNATIC ASYLUM. EVERYBODY WAS IN THEIR OWN ENCLOSED WORLD. THERE WAS ALWAYS A FOG OF CIGARETTE SMOKE IN THE HOUSE. THEY ALL SMOKED LIKE FIENDS EXCEPT FOR MY FATHER AND ME. NO WONDER I WAS SO DEPRESSED!



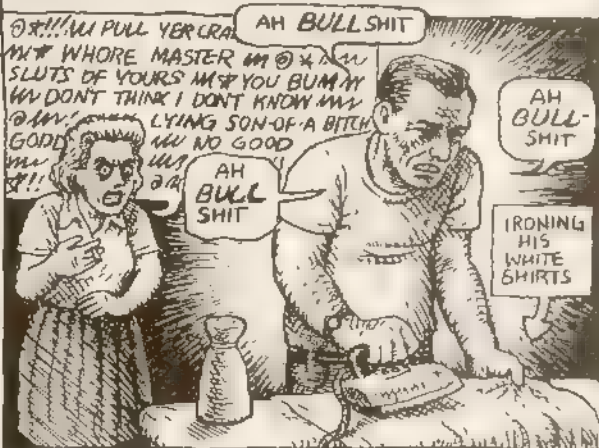
\*CHARLES OFTEN REFERRED TO OUR GRANDMOTHER AS "THE OLD SACK OF EXCREMENT."



MY MOTHER WAS CERTIFIABLY NUTS. SHE WAS HOOKED ON AMPHETAMINES THAT SHE GOT FROM DOCTORS FOR WEIGHT CONTROL. THIS DRUG CAUSED HER TO RAVE AND CURSE ALL DAY AND ALL NIGHT FOR WEEKS, SOMETIMES MONTHS, ON END!



WHEN MY FATHER WAS HOME (WHICH HE TRIED NOT TO BE AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE, OFTEN HOLDING DOWN TWO FULL-TIME JOBS), MY MOTHER WOULD SCREAM ENDLESS INSULTS, ACCUSATIONS AND VILE EPITHETS AT THE POOR BASTARD...



DURING HER WORST DERANGEMENTS SHE WOULD ATTACK THE OLD MAN AND CLAW HIS FACE TO RIBBONS. TOUGH EX-MARINE THOUGH HE WAS, HE OFTEN JUST STOOD THERE AND LET HER DO IT!



HE WOULD DUTIFULLY GO BACK TO WORK THE NEXT DAY WITH HIS FACE A GROTESQUE MASK OF SCRATCHES AND BAND-AIDS. WHY DIDN'T HE STOP HER? WAS IT A CRY FOR HELP, PERHAPS??



IN SPITE OF ALL THE CRAZINESS THEY MADE A BRAVE SHOW OF KEEPING UP NORMAL FAMILY LIFE. BIRTHDAYS AND HOLIDAY SUCH AS CHRISTMAS WERE STRICTLY OBSERVED.

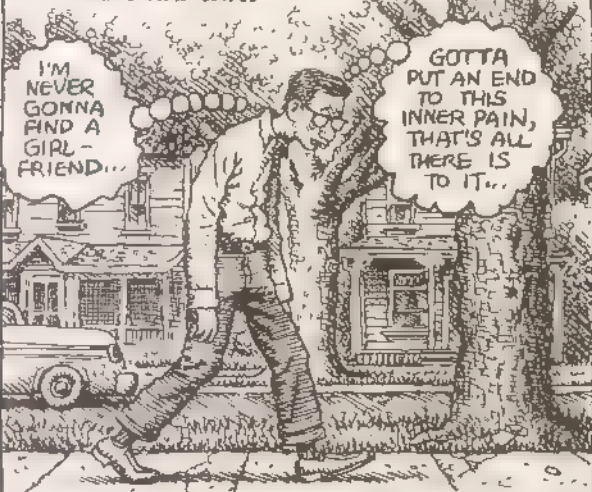


MY MOTHER ALWAYS HAD THAT DINNER ON THE TABLE...

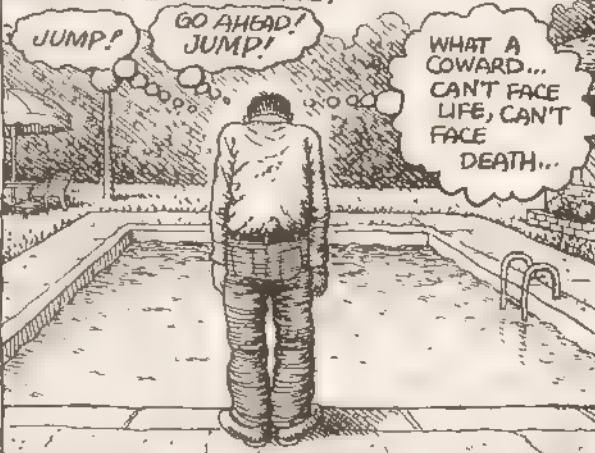




ONE FINE SPRING DAY IN 1962 I DECIDED I WOULD KILL MYSELF. SINCE I COULDN'T SWIM, I DECIDED I WOULD JUMP IN THE SWIMMING POOL AT THE TREADWAY INN.



I STOOD THERE AT THE EDGE OF THE DEEP END OF THE POOL FOR A LONG TIME, GAZING DOWN AT THE WATER, BUT I COULDN'T FACE UP TO THE UNPLEASANT EXPERIENCE OF SUFFOCATION BY DROWNING!



A FEW MONTHS LATER I LEFT HOME FOR GOOD, TOOK THE GREYHOUND BUS TO CLEVELAND, AND SOON FOUND A JOB AT A GREAT-ING CAR COMPANY. BUT I WAS STILL WALKING THE STREETS IN MY SPARE TIME...



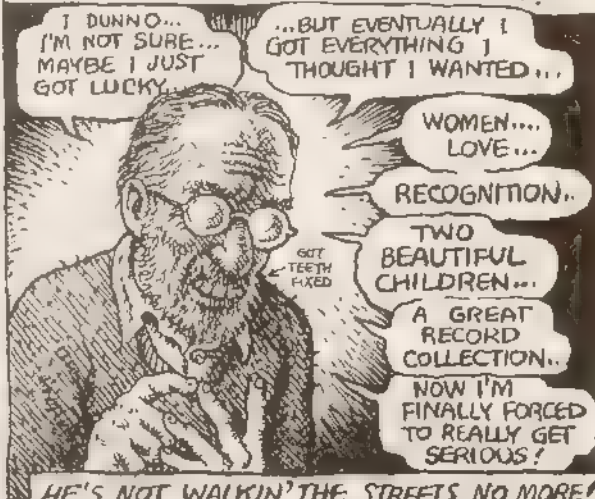
NOW, INSTEAD OF CHARLES, I SOMETIMES WALKED THE STREETS WITH MY ROOM MATE MARTY. HE LIKED TO TALK, BUT NOT ABOUT MYSTICAL OR PHILOSOPHICAL MATTERS AS CHARLES DID. HE WAS VERY WELL-INFORMED AND HAD DETAILED KNOWLEDGE OF THE HISTORY OF CLEVELAND, HIS HOME TOWN.



FIVE YEARS LATER I WAS MARRIED AND LIVING IN THE HAIGHT-ASHBURY DISTRICT OF SAN FRANCISCO. MANY'S THE DAY I WALKED UP AND DOWN HAIGHT STREET, STILL NURSING MY FEELINGS OF ALIENATION AND SELF-PITY.



BUT GUESS WHAT? FINALLY, DECADES LATER, I GOT OVER IT! YEAH, WHAT A RELIEF, HUH?! HOW DID I OVERCOME SELF-PITY, YOU ASK??





THE CHECKERED DEMON  
DRINKS WITH HIS  
ROTTING ZOMBIE  
BUDDY  
© S. CLAY WILSON . SF 2004

AAA



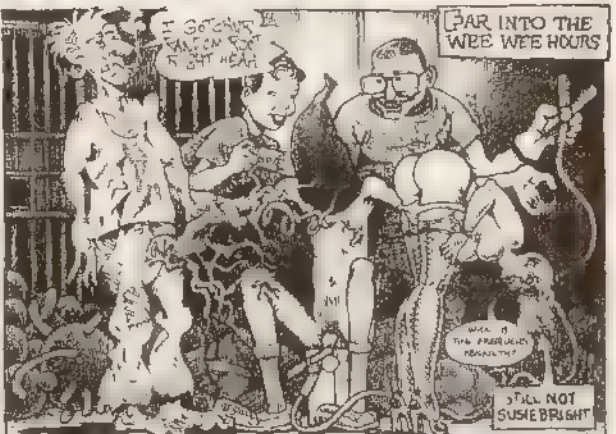
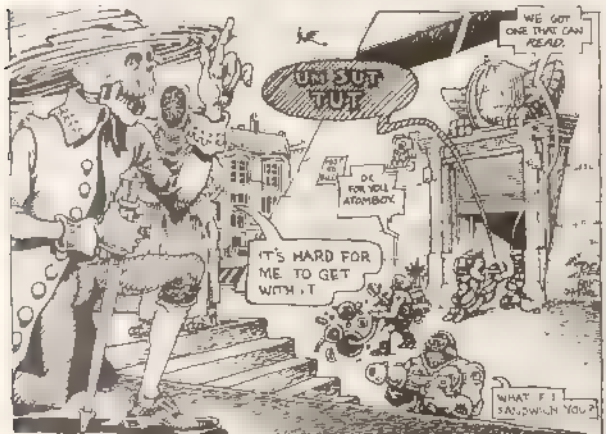
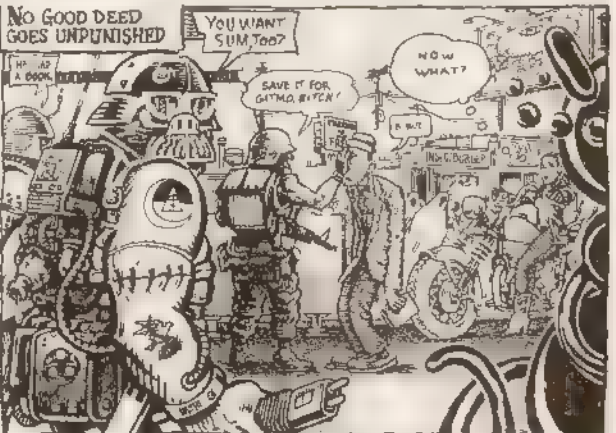
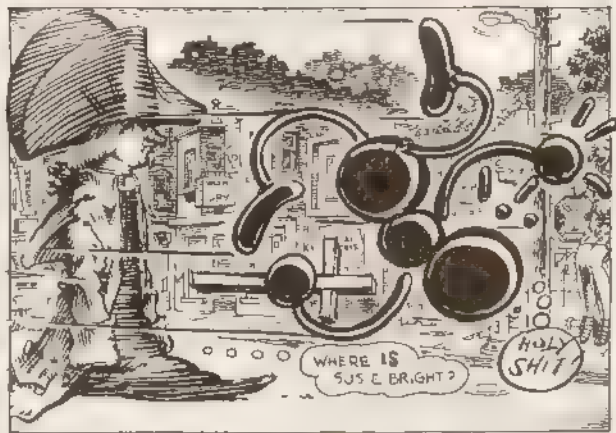
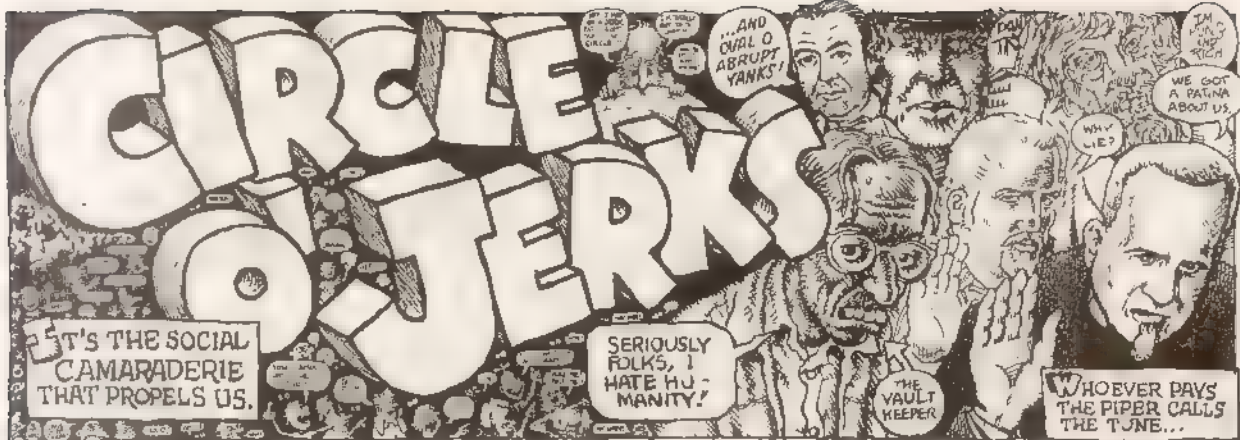
FROP! BLOODY!

THE THING  
IS. IT RUNS  
RIGHT THROUGH  
HIM..

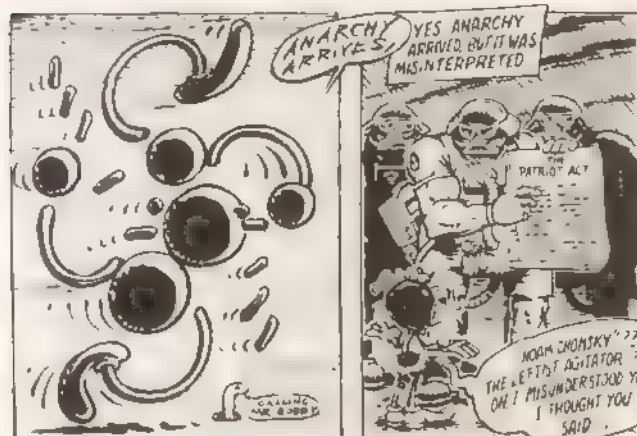
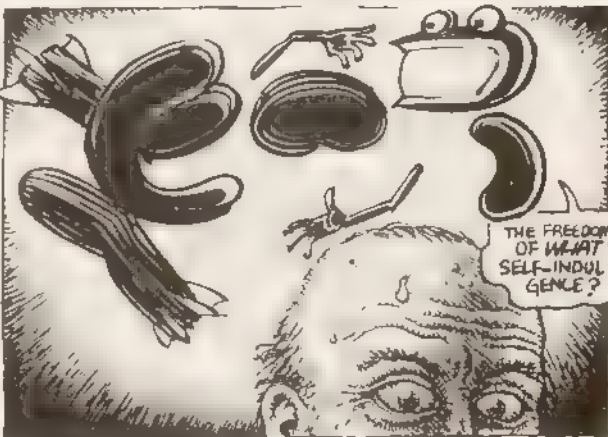
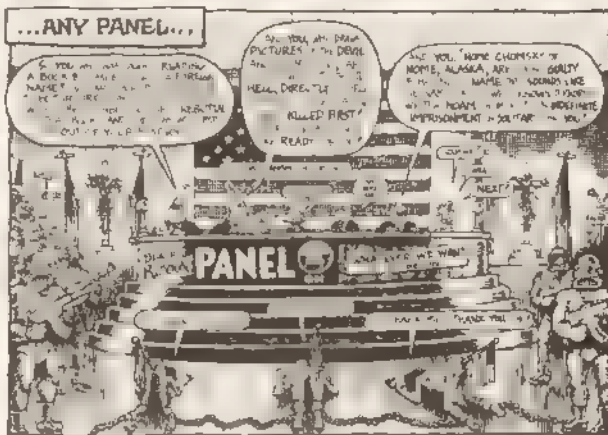
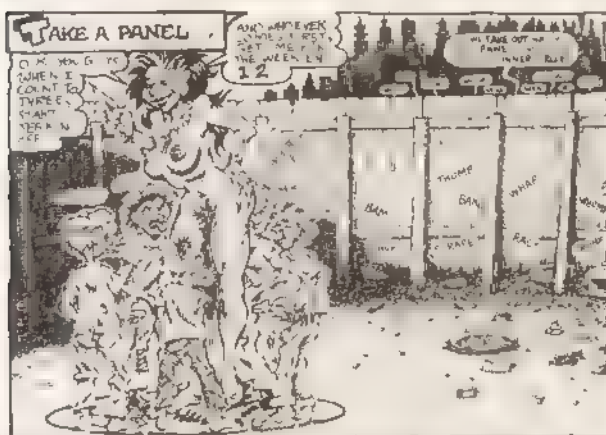
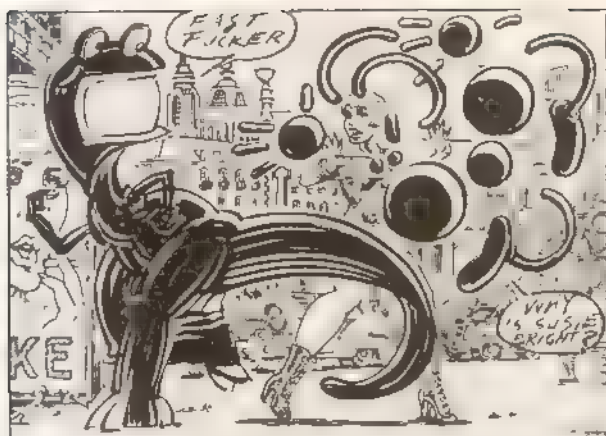
OUI.

SNAP!

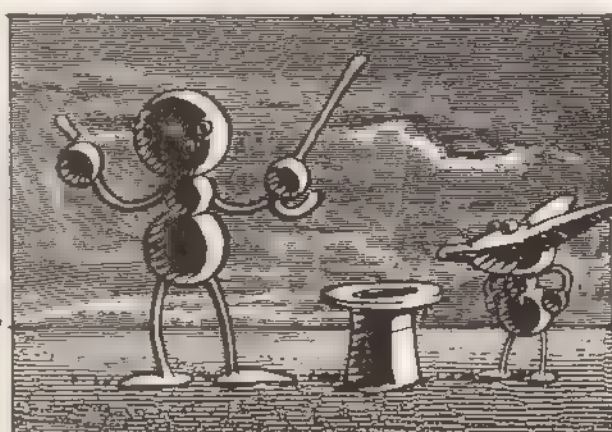
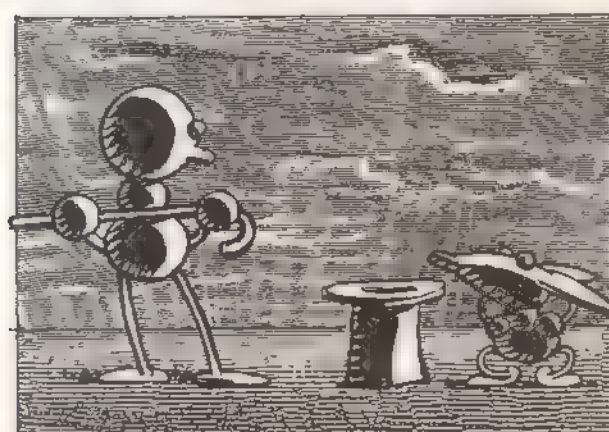
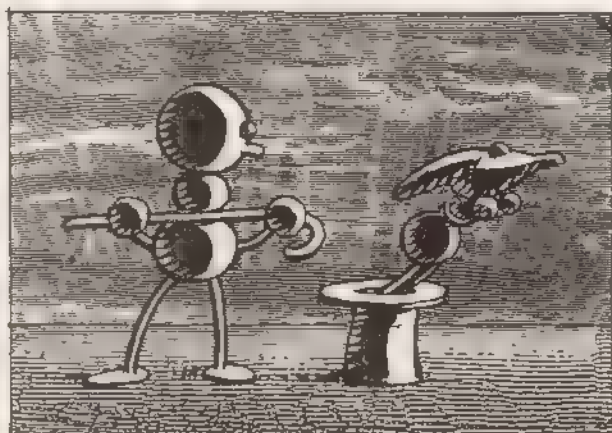
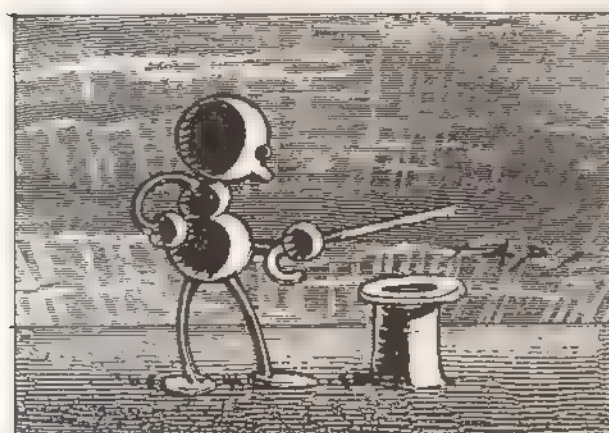
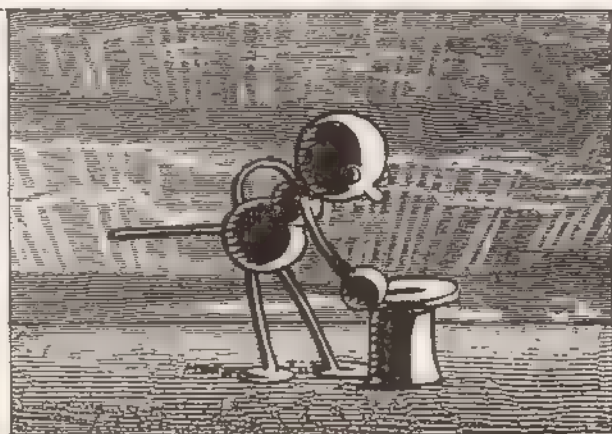
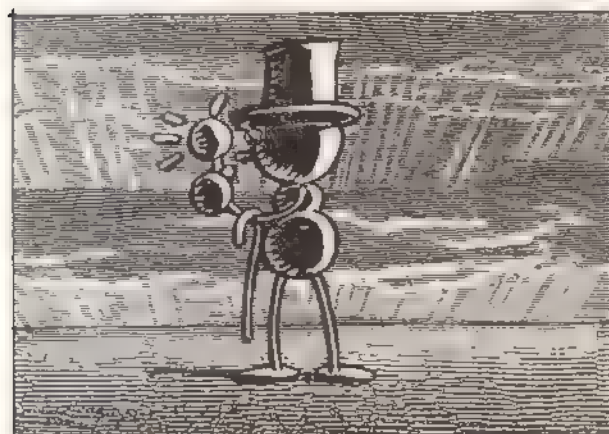
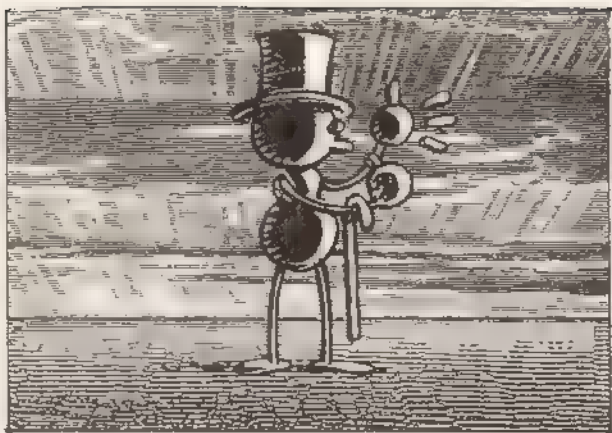
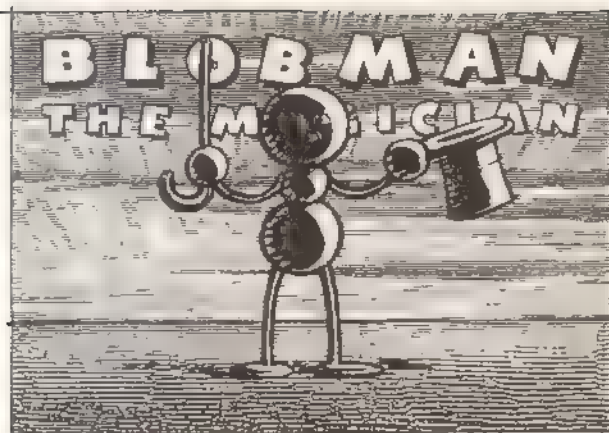




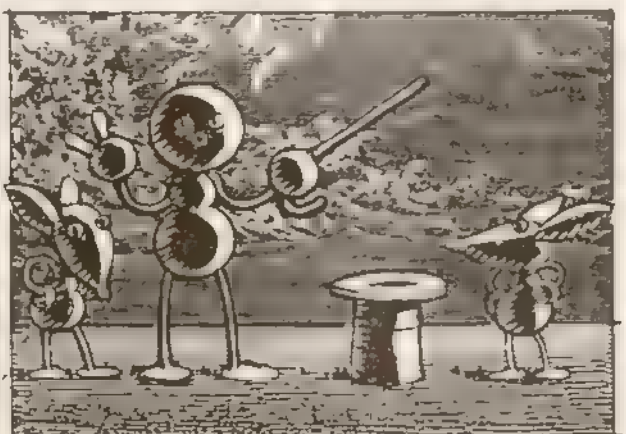
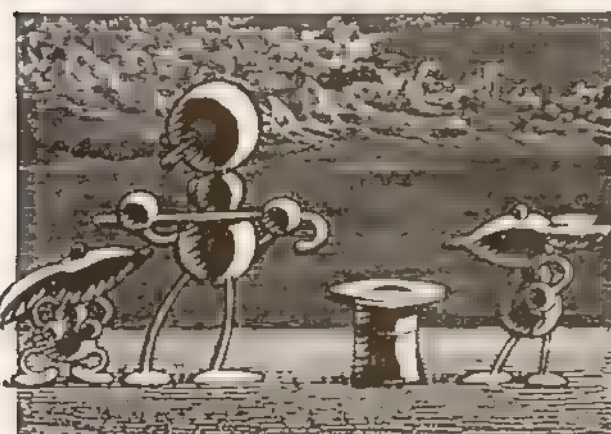
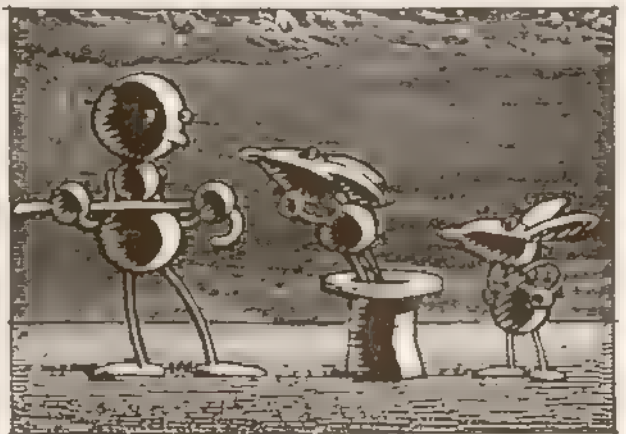
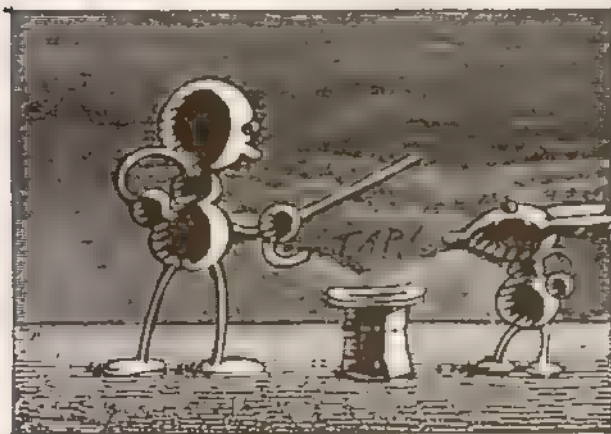
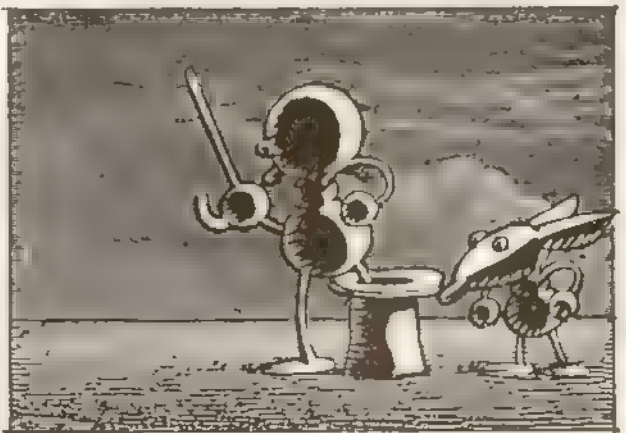
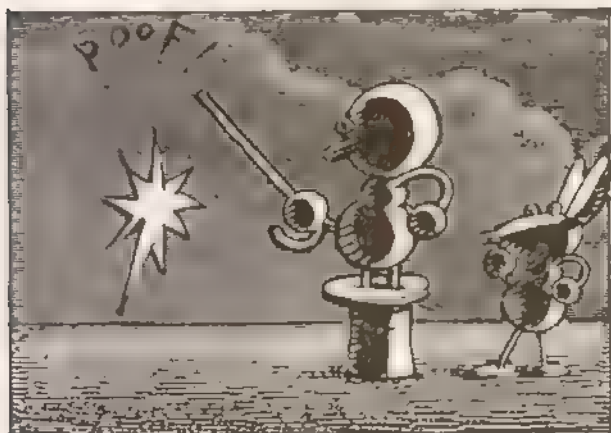
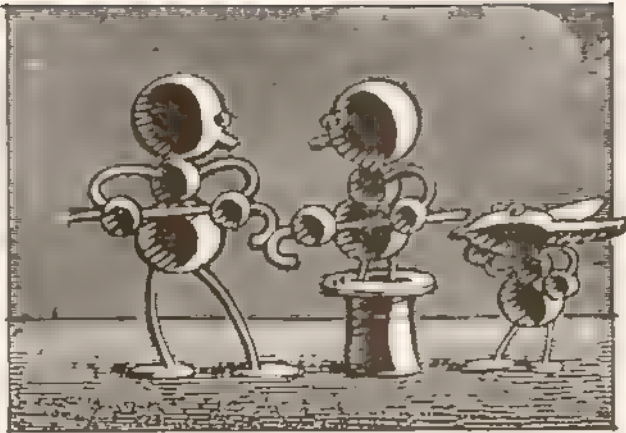
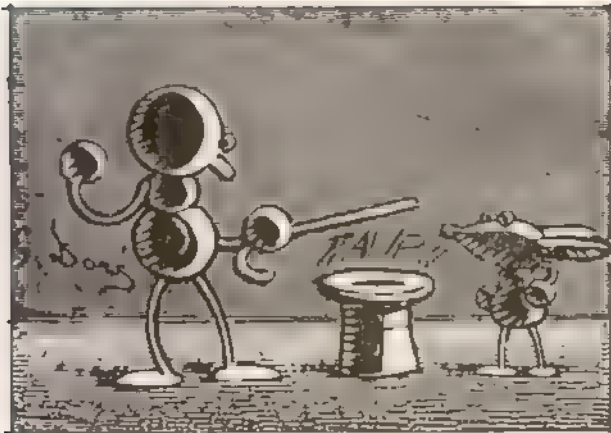












more





HELLO  
NE

E8

Z

IN  
THE  
EYE

SLORK







**SHITHEAD MEETS THE STINKY GIRLS**

A WORLD REVOLUTION

I NEED VACATION

© CLAY WILSON 2004 FOR VINCE 'N' GINGER

ONE DAY, WE FIND SHITHEAD STROLLIN'

ANOTHER SHITTY DAY OF BEING THIRSTY, HOMELESS, HUNGRY, BROKE, AND HORNY!

SHIT!

TO TOWN

WICK

BUT WAIT I SEE SUMPIN' GLINTIN' IN THE FUKKIN' SUN

HOLY SHIT! A TWENTY DOLLAR GOLD PIECE!

THINK I'LL GO TO TOWN, GET A FRUNK, A PIECE OF ASS, AND A STEAK DINNER!

IN TOWN, AT THE TOILET PUB, WE FIND THE STINKY GIRLS WORKIN'

SUCK, SHMUCK!

AFTER THAT, I SAY THERE'S TOWN! AND NOW I'VE WET MY SHITTY WHISTLE

SHIT HOWDY! A PUB WHERE ALL MY NEEDS CAN BE MET

WARR! I SMEL' THASS SHINKY - KE ME (SIGH) GOODY!

WARR?

SO, SHITHEAD WENT INTO THE TOILET

GEE YOU 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100

GOD DAMNED DESERT! FIRST OFF A SHOT, AND A BUSTE RING COLD BEER RIGHT AWAY. THEN A MEN JOI SOME KIND AND I WANT TO SPINER DRINKS FOR THEM FINE FRAGRANT FEMALES OVER YONDER. HERE'S PAYMENT IN ADVANCE, AMIGO!



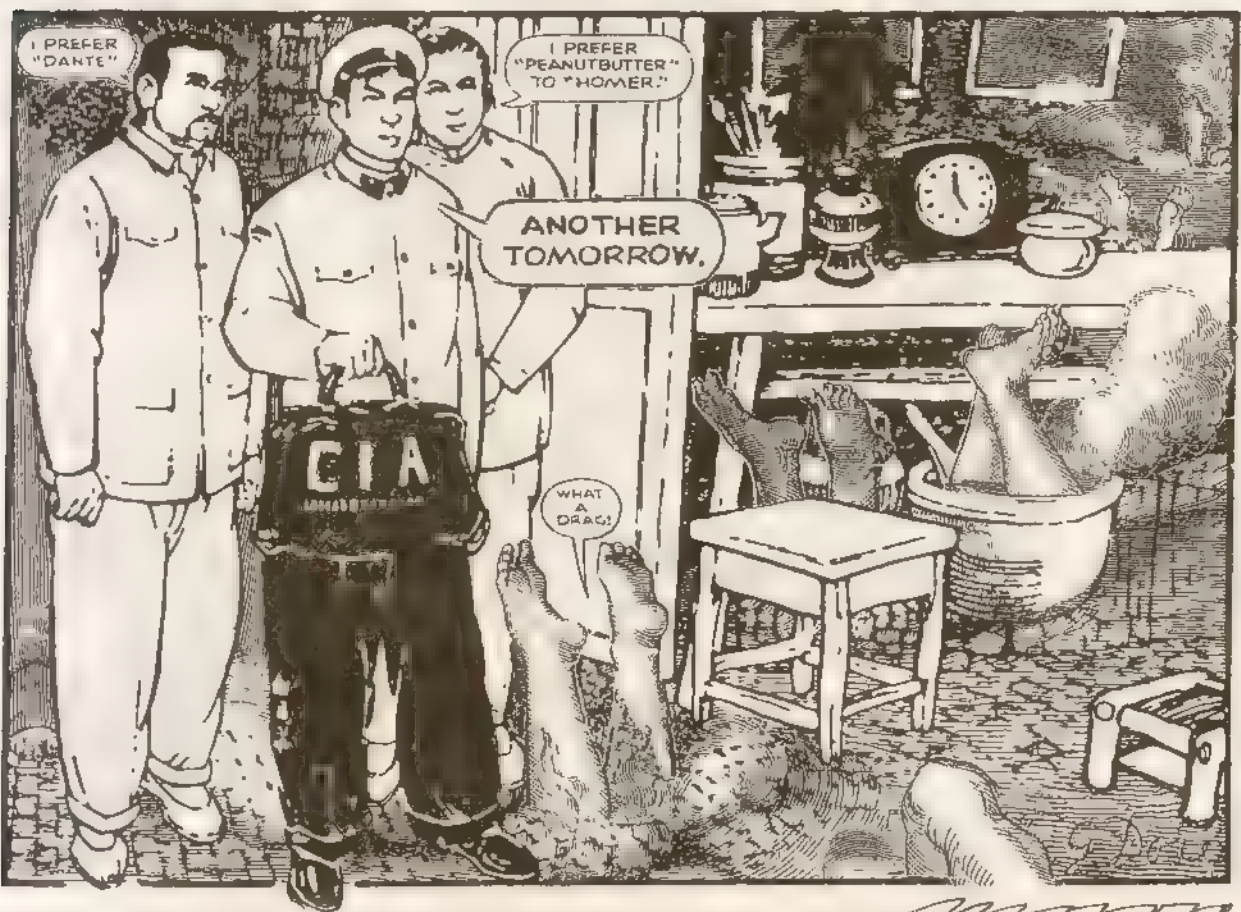
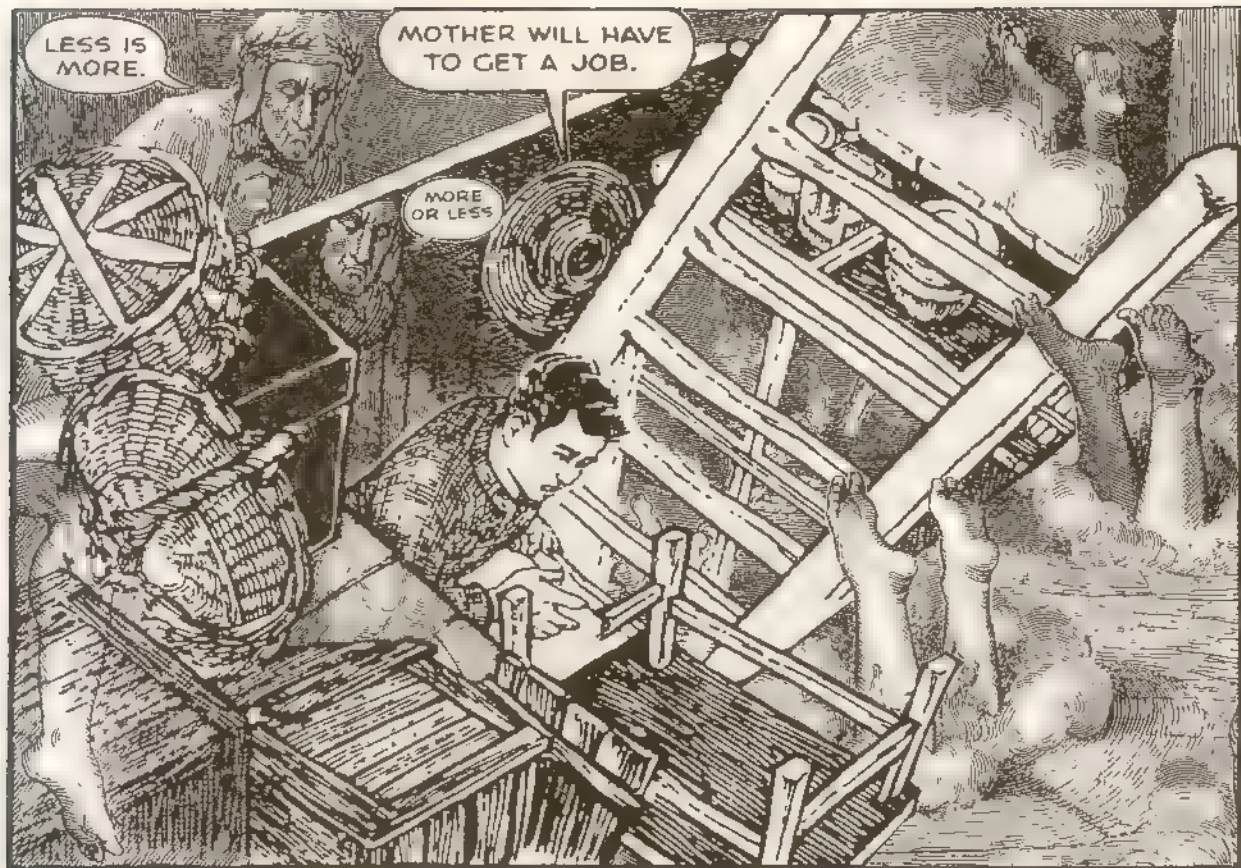




# D A N T E ' S   I N F E R N O









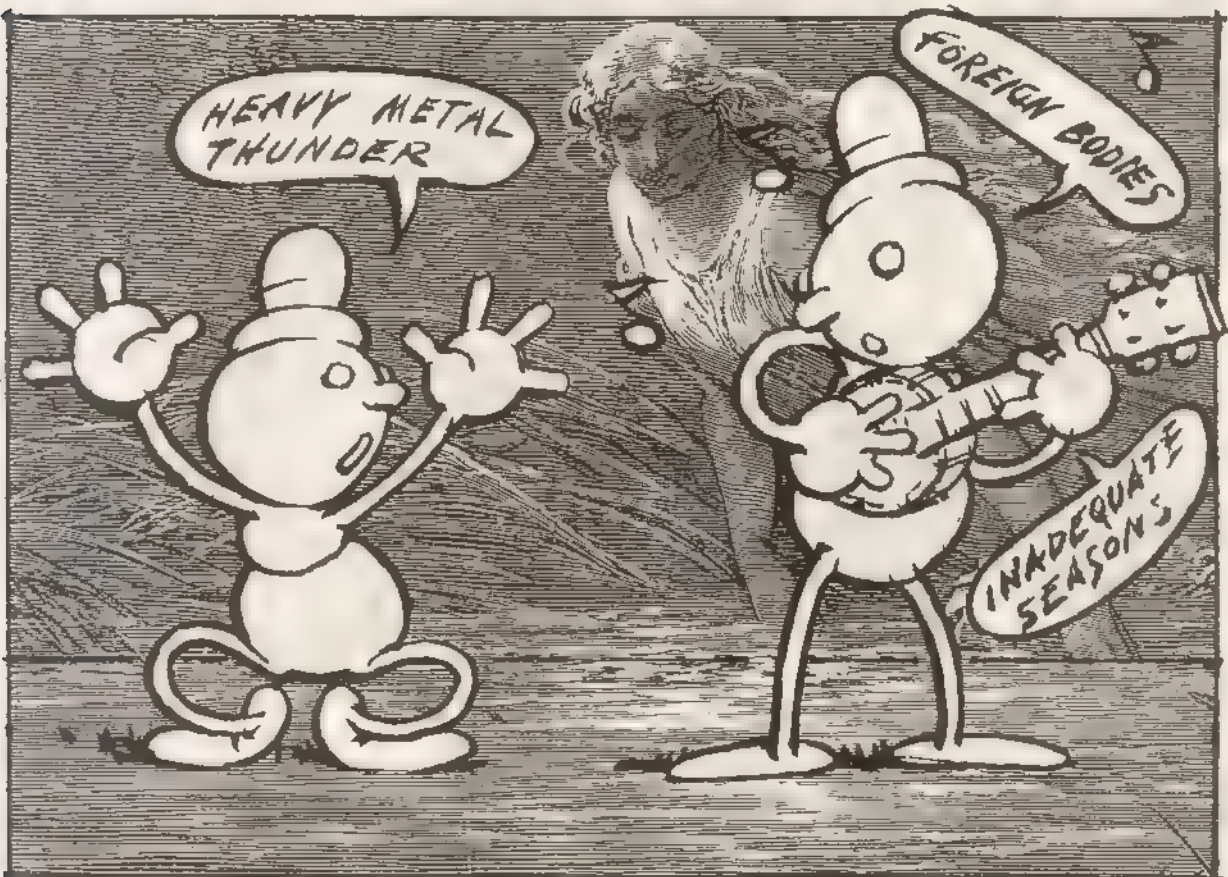
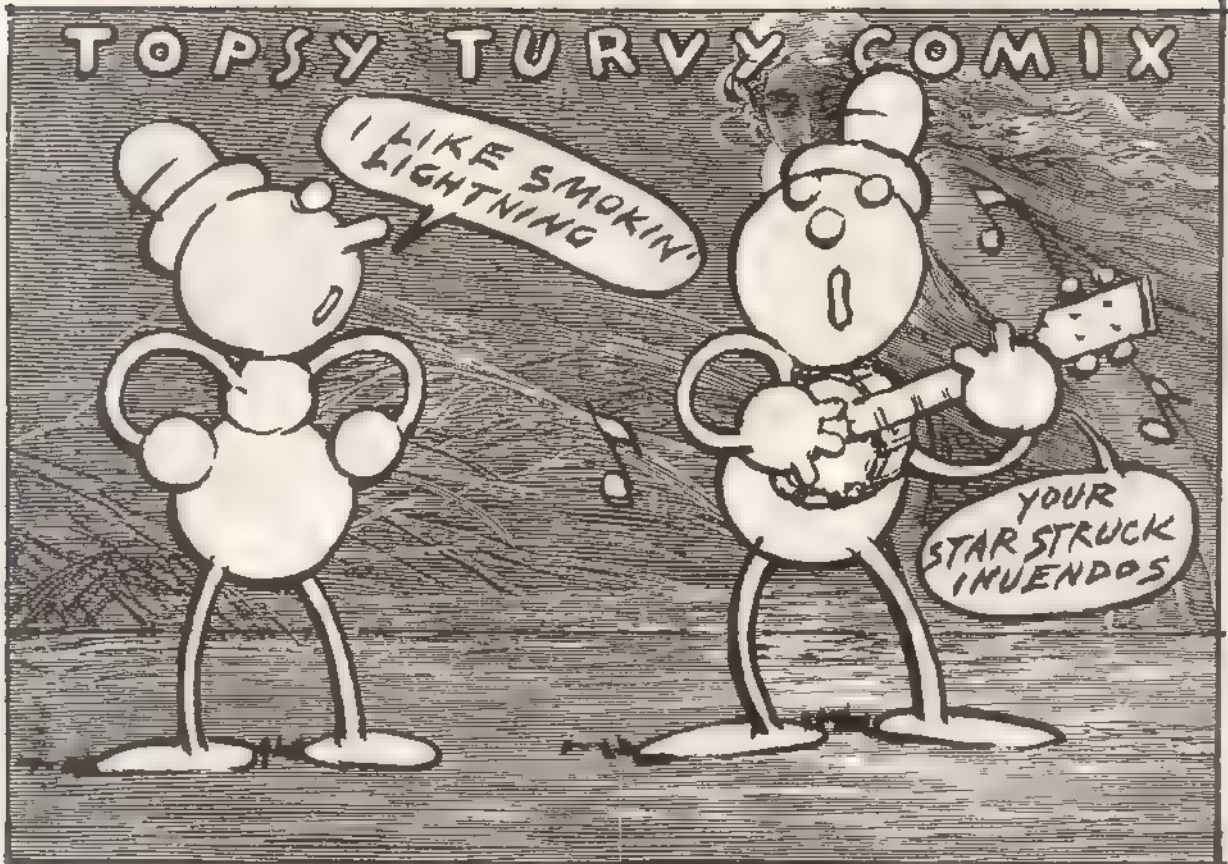
SOME OF THE "LITTLE  
PEOPLE" TROIC THROUGH  
THE ENCHANTED  
FOREST OF BEAUTIFUL  
WOMEN @ THE  
O'FERAL THEATRE

FOR SIM MITCHELL  
E.S. CLAY WILSON, NOV. 2001

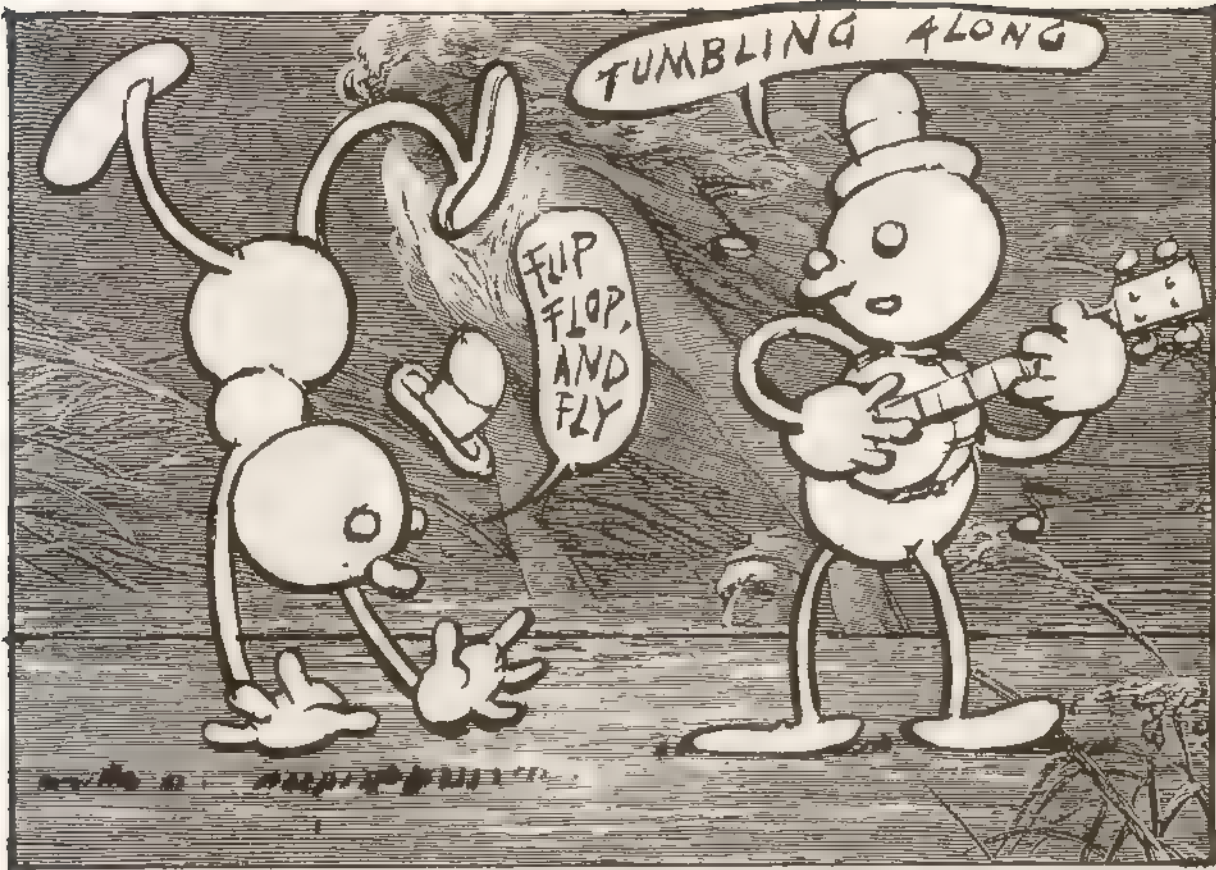




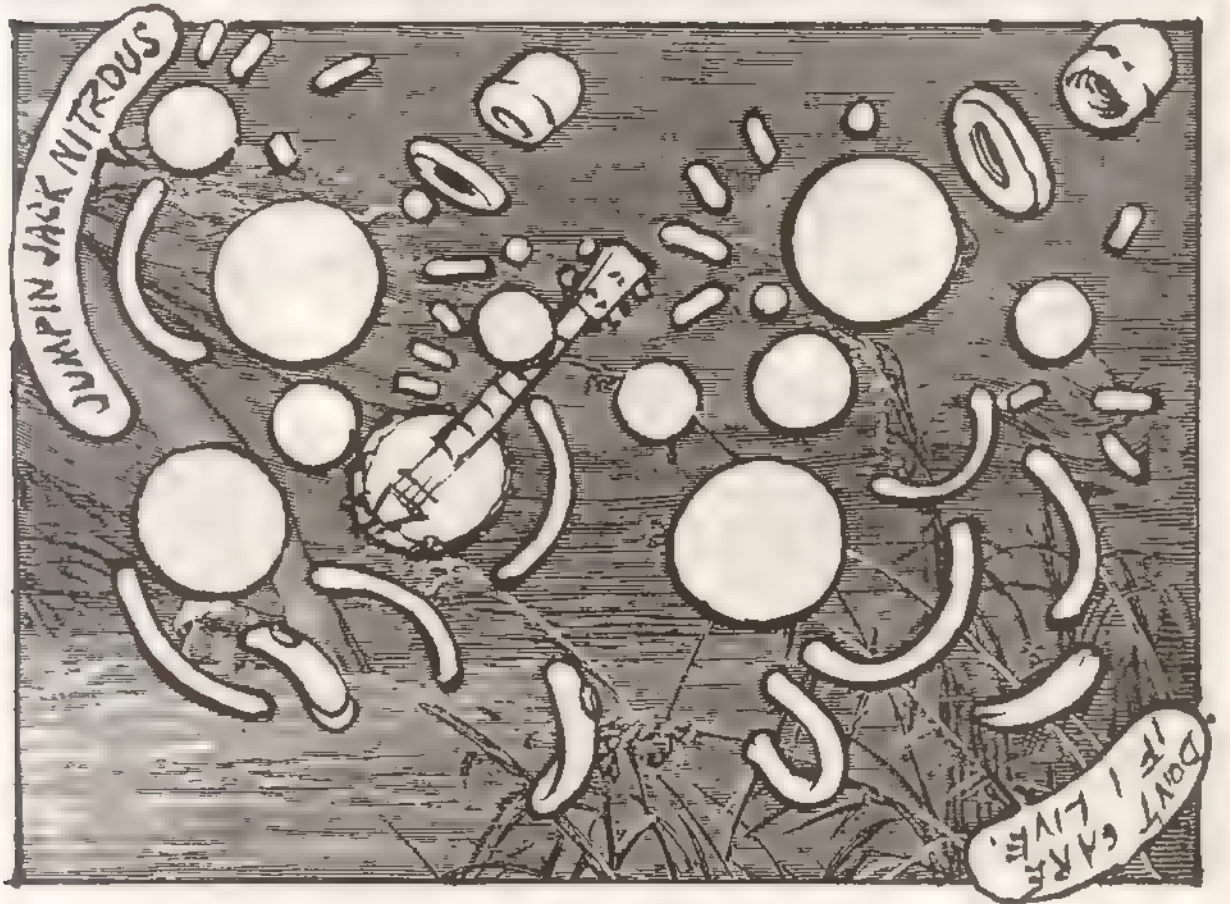
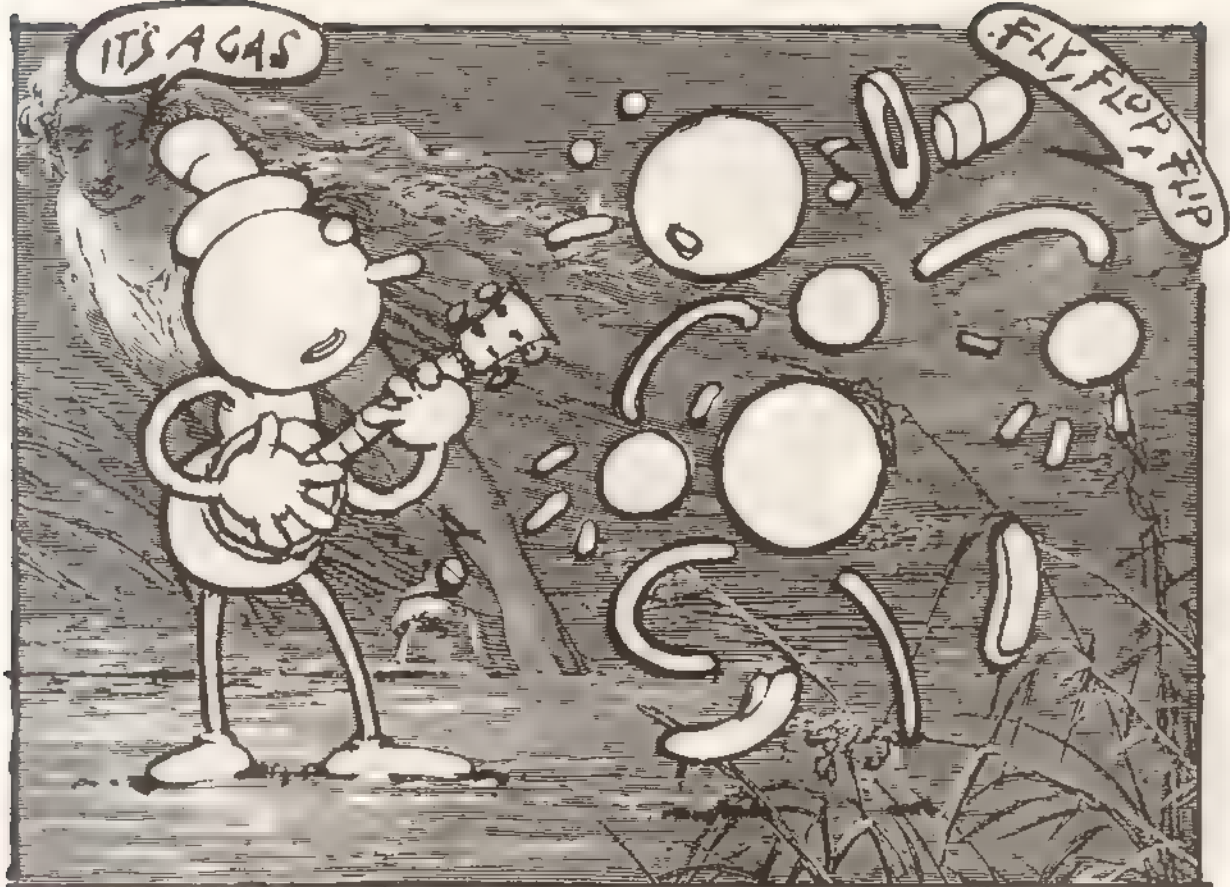
# TOPSY TURVY COMIX











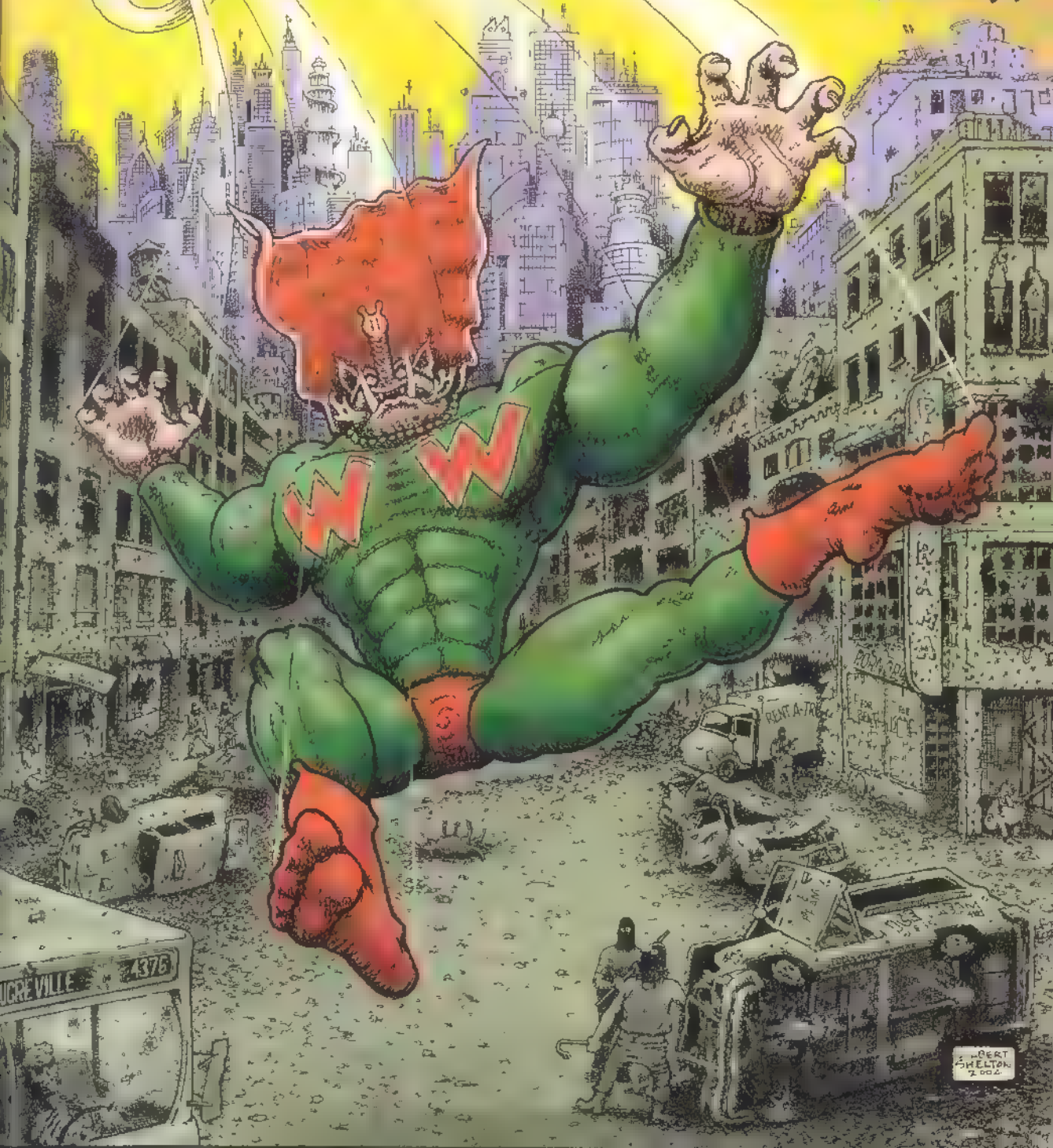


LAST GASP  
ADULTS ONLY

\$4.95

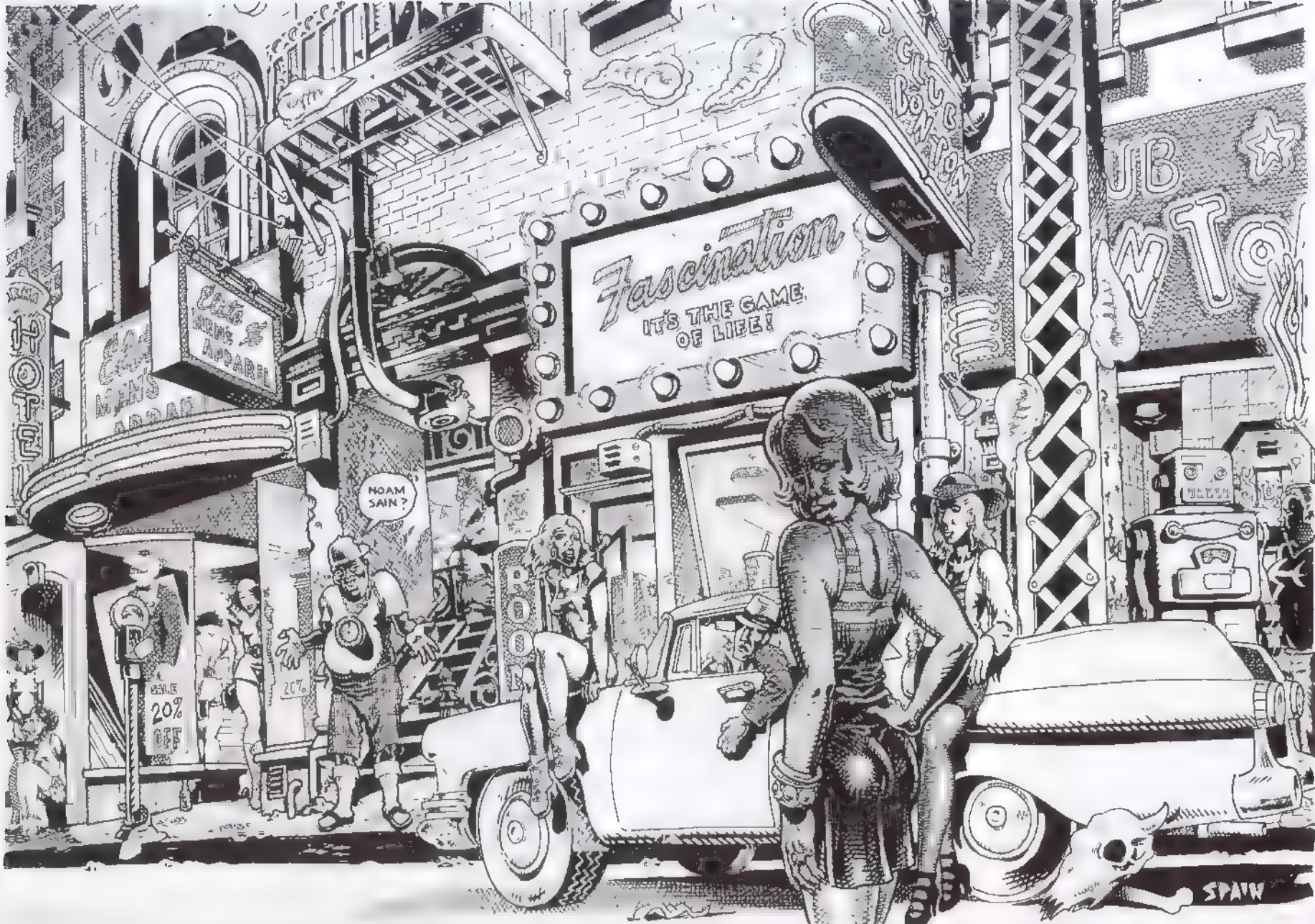
# ZAP

№ 15  
Comix



WERT  
SHELTON  
2000





*Fascination*  
IT'S THE GAME  
OF LIFE!

LITE  
MEN'S  
APPAREL

NOAM  
SAIN?

20%  
OFF

JB  
WTO

SPAIN



THE PIG OF STEEL

WORLD'S  
ANFOUL-EST-SMELLING  
SLURP HERE  
He's Sooo  
generic

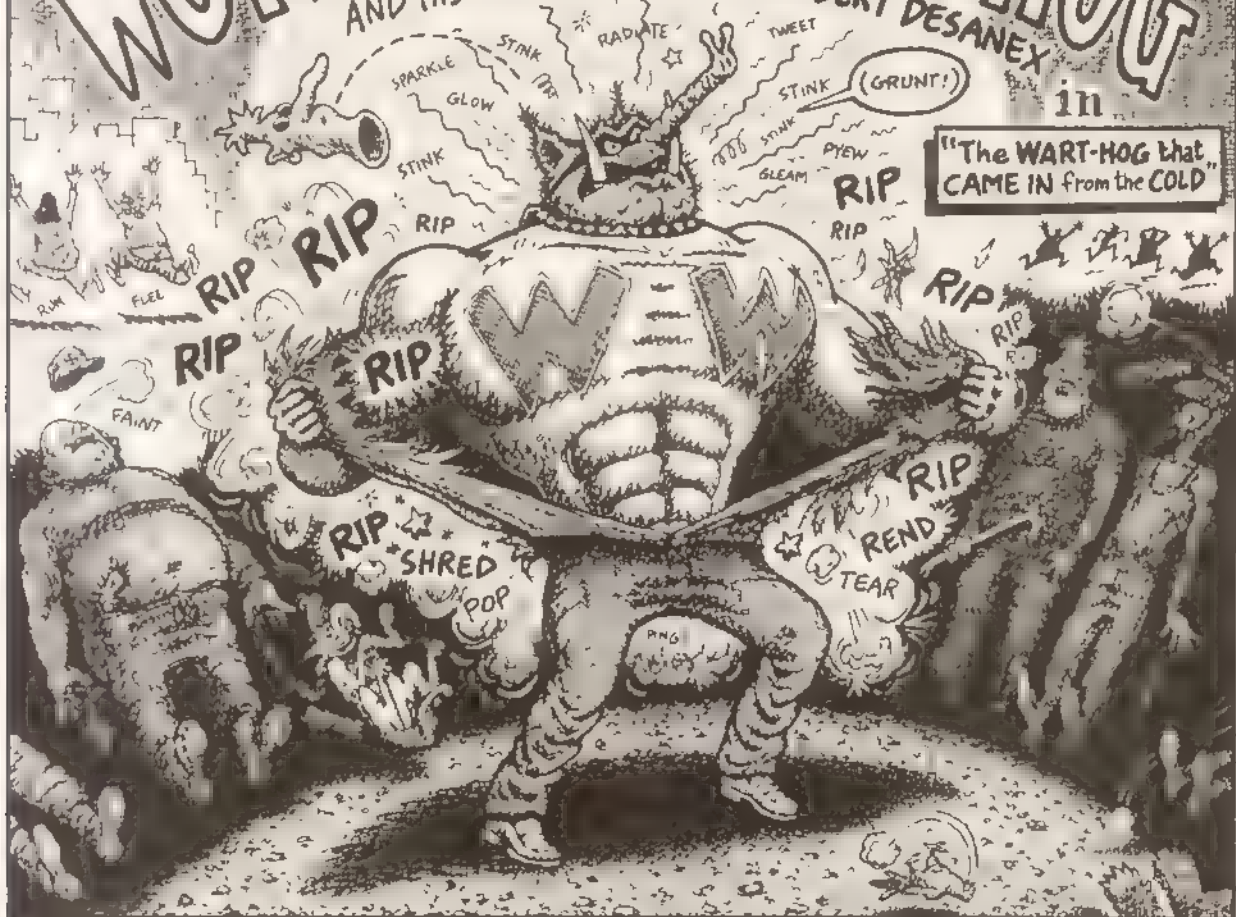
By  
GILBERT  
SHELTON  
2004

# WONDER WART-HOG

AND HIS ALTER IDENTITY PHILBERT DESANEX

in

"The WART-HOG that  
CAME IN from the COLD"

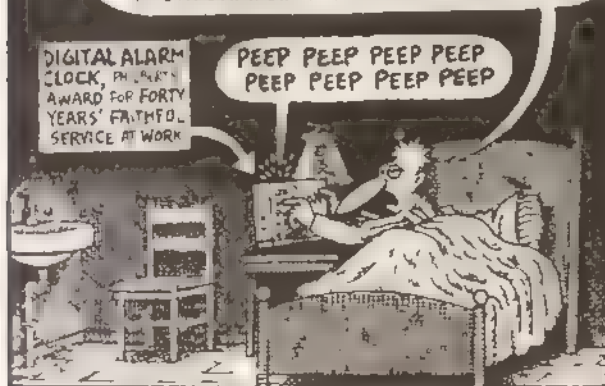


IT'S ANOTHER UNFORGETTABLE DAY IN THE LIFE OF PHILBERT DESANEX, ALTER IDENTITY OF WONDER WART-HOG. AS HE ARISES AT 4:30 a.m. TO GO TO WORK.

HOW DO YOU TURN THIS THING OFF? THESE NEW STYLE ALARM CLOCKS ARE TOO COMPLEX TO UNDERSTAND THIS EARLY IN THE MORNING!

DIGITAL ALARM  
CLOCK, PHILBERT  
AWARD FOR FORTY  
YEARS' FAITHFUL  
SERVICE AT WORK

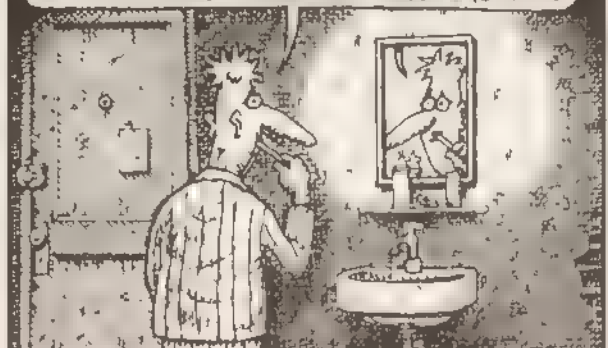
PEEP PEEP PEEP PEEP  
PEEP PEEP PEEP PEEP



PHILBERT HAS WORKED AS AN ASSISTANT CUB REPORTER AT THE FAMOUS DAILY NEWSPAPER, THE MUTHALODE MYOPE-MESSANGER, SINCE THE YEAR 1961.

TODAY IS THE DAY OF THE ANNUAL OFFICE PARTY!  
IF I CAN CATCH THE BOSS IN A GOOD MOOD, I'M GOING  
TO ASK HIM FOR A LITTLE RAISE IN SALARY!

HE CAN'T REFUSE! I HAVEN'T HAD A RAISE IN 43 YEARS!





THAT AFTERNOON AT THE ANNUAL OFFICE PARTY, PHILBERT IS KEEPING A WATCHFUL EYE ON THE BOSS'S MOOD.

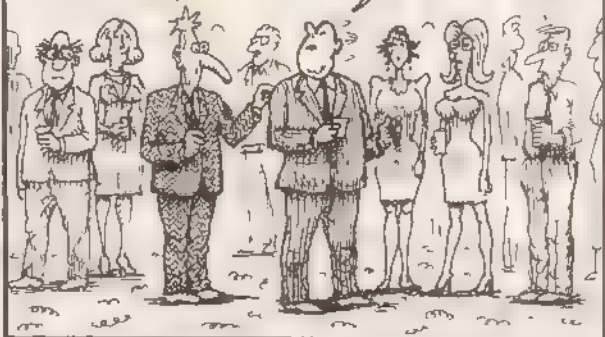
HE'S HAD SIX GLASSES OF PUNCH NOW!  
IT'S TIME TO HIT HIM UP FOR THE RAISE!



HELLO, BOSS!  
CAN I HAVE A  
MINUTE OF  
YOUR TIME?

DESANEX! I'VE BEEN  
LOOKING FOR YOU! I JUST  
WANTED TO TELL YOU...

...YOU'RE FIRED! CLEAN  
OUT YOUR DESK AND SCRAM!



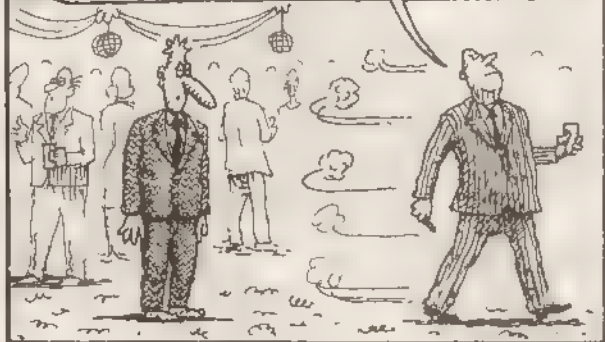
FIRED, WITHOUT  
NOTICE? AFTER I  
WORKED HERE FOR  
FORTY-THREE YEARS?

THE NEWSPAPER  
DOESN'T NEED TO HIRE  
REPORTERS ANY MORE!  
NOWADAYS WE GET ALL OUR  
NEWS FOR FREE, DIRECT  
FROM REPUBLICAN NEWS  
HEADQUARTERS!

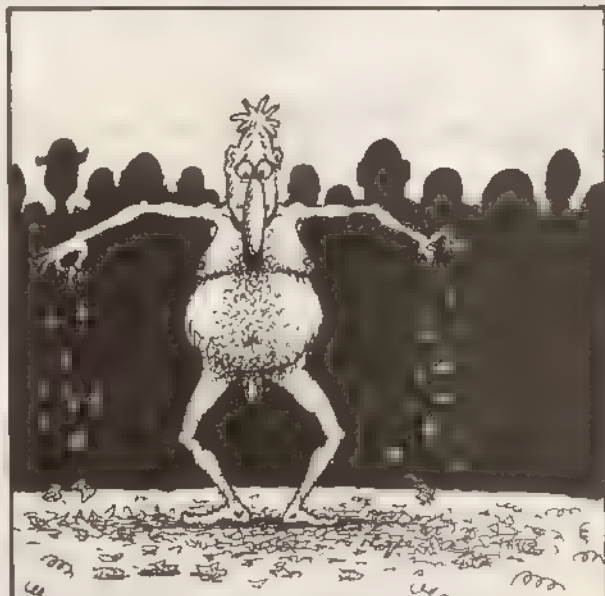


THE ONLY REASON WE HIRED YOU IN THE  
FIRST PLACE IS THAT YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE  
WILLING TO WORK OVERTIME FOR FREE, CLEANING  
THE TOILETS! AND WE'VE JUST RECEIVED OUR  
SHIPMENT OF JAPANESE SELF-CLEANING TOILETS!

YOU CAN STAY FOR THE REST OF THE PARTY IF YOU WANT!



HEY, "BOSS," TURN AROUND AND FACE  
THE WRATH OF THE HOG OF STEEL !!





WH... WHAT HAPPENED TO  
WONDER WART-HOG?



COVER YOURSELF WITH THESE NEWSPAPERS,  
DESANEX, AND GET YOURSELF OUT OF HERE!



YOU NEED SOME  
PSYCHIATRIC HELP,  
PHILBERT!

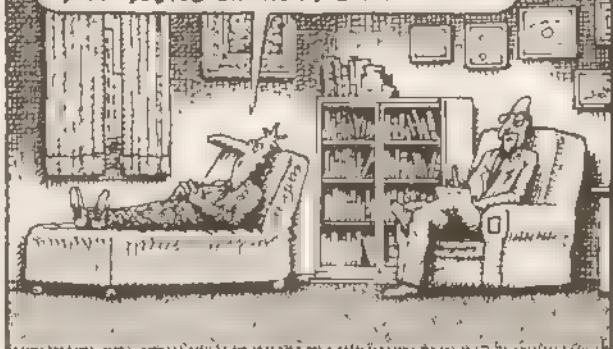
(GOSH,  
MAYBE  
SHE'S  
RIGHT!)



THE NEXT DAY, PHILBERT SEEKS OUT A PSYCHOPATHOLOGICAL THERAPIST.

I HAVE THIS WART-HOG THAT LIVES INSIDE ME,  
DOCTOR! THAT IS, I DID HAVE A WART-HOG, BUT LAST  
NIGHT HE DIDN'T APPEAR WHEN I CALLED HIM!

I REALIZE NOW THAT I HAD NOTICED  
SOME SUBTLE CHANGES IN HIM LATELY...



HE WAS JUST THIS SILLY-LOOKING  
CARTOON-TYPE CHARACTER WHEN HE  
FIRST APPEARED, BACK IN 1961...



HE EVEN HAD A CUTE LITTLE  
SIDEKICK CALLED SPARROW...

NATURALLY, HE GOT UGLIER AND  
UGLIER AS HE BECAME OLDER...



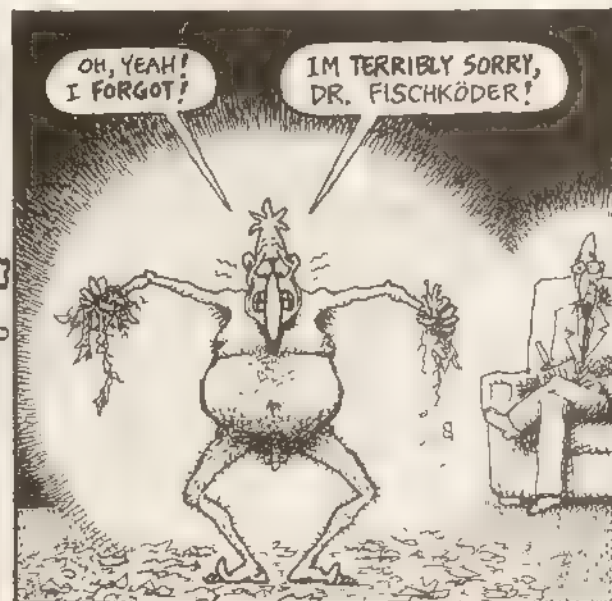
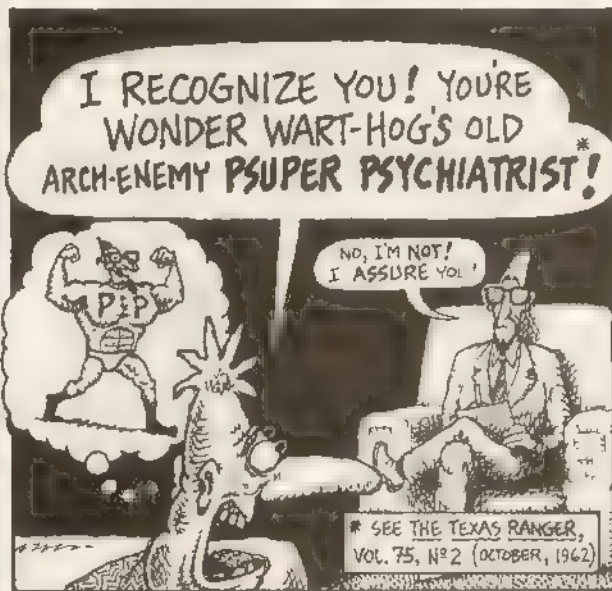
HE WAS STILL SORT OF JOLLY, EVEN  
AS HE WAS TEARING THE ARMS AND LEGS  
OFF MANY A PETTY OFFENDER...

BUT HE JUST GOT MORE AND MORE  
GROTESQUE! HE SEEMED TO BE  
TURNING INTO SOME SORT OF MONSTER!

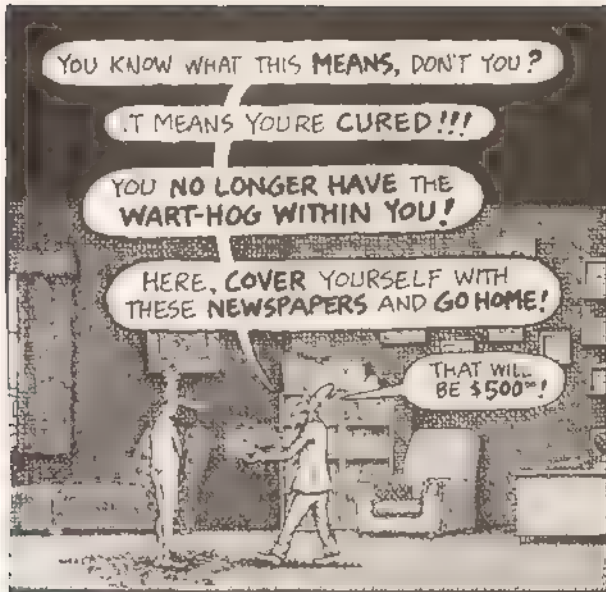


THE LAST TIME I SAW HIM, HE HAD  
EVEN GROWN THIS DISGUSTING TAIL!









YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS, DON'T YOU?

IT MEANS YOU'RE CURED!!!

YOU NO LONGER HAVE THE  
WART-HOG WITHIN YOU!

HERE, COVER YOURSELF WITH  
THESE NEWSPAPERS AND GO HOME!

THAT WILL  
BE \$500~!



HELLO? ANTI-TERRORISM CENTRAL?  
I JUST SAW A TERRORIST WALKING DOWN  
MAIN STREET! HE'S ALL WRAPPED IN  
NEWSPAPERS! YOU CAN'T MISS HIM!

MY NAME? YOU DON'T NEED TO KNOW  
MY NAME! JUST GO DO YOUR JOB!



WHAT... WHAT IS THIS GROUP OF  
ODDLY-ATTIRED PEOPLE  
COMING IN MY DIRECTION?



WERE THE MAIN STREET HOMELAND  
JUSTICE CONTRACTORS, INCORPORATED!

WHO ARE YOU?

WERE YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD  
ANTI-TERRORISM SQUAD!

WE A .INDEPENDIT  
CORPORATION!



I'M PHILBERT  
DESANEX!

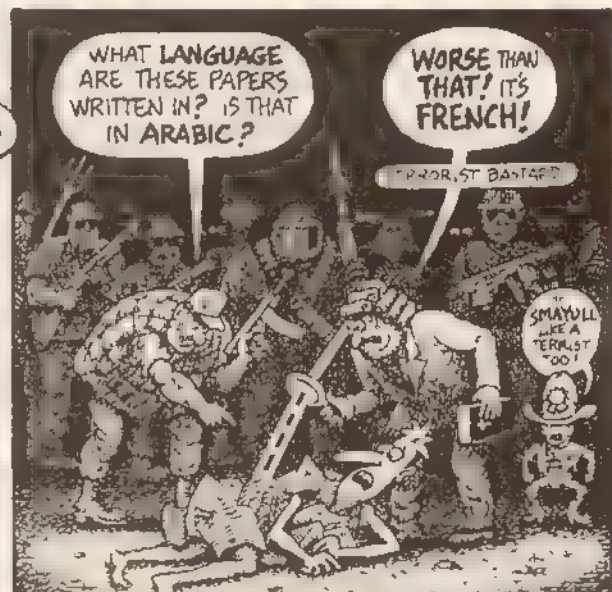
NEWSPAPERMAN?

I WORK... I USED  
TO WORK... AT THE  
MUTHALODE MYDPE-  
MESSENGER!

HE IS INDEED WRAPPED  
UP IN NEWSPAPERS!

I'M A NEWSPAPERMAN.  
NOT A TERRORIST!

HE LOOK LIKE A  
TERRORIST TO ME!



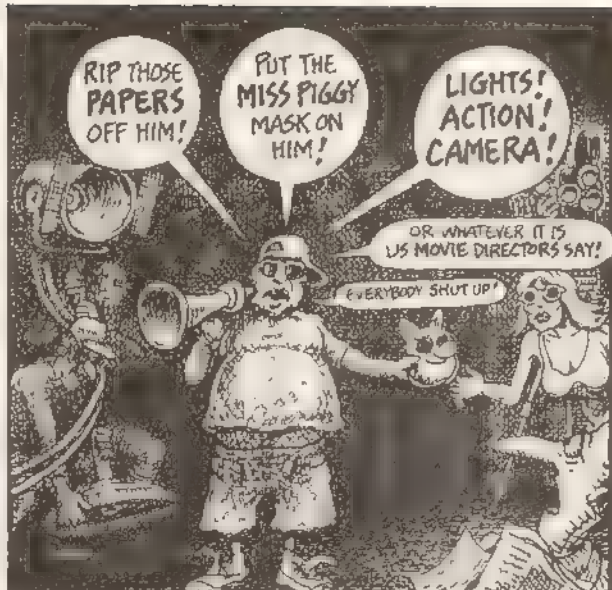
WHAT LANGUAGE  
ARE THESE PAPERS  
WRITTEN IN? IS THAT  
IN ARABIC?

WORSE THAN  
THAT! IT'S  
FRENCH!

TERRORIST BASTARD!

IT  
SMAYULL  
LIKE A  
TERRORIST  
TOO!







(SIGH!) YES, ITS ME, PHILBERT! AND IT'S A SAD SITUATION I FIND MYSELF IN TODAY! LET ME FILL YOU IN A BIT...

WHEN I FIRST REVERTED TO NATURE, LIFE WAS A BED OF ROSES! IT WAS WINE, WOMEN AND SONG ALL THE TIME! BUT AFTER A WHILE, MY COSTUME BEGAN TO ROT AND FALL AWAY!



.. AND WITHOUT MY BEAUTIFUL RED, WHITE, AND GREEN COSTUME, I FOUND MYSELF COMPLETELY WITHOUT SUPER-POWERS!

THESE PEOPLE WERE ABLE TO CAPTURE ME EASILY USING A PUTRID WILDEBEEST CARCASS!

I AM TOTALLY UNDER THEIR CONTROL, DESANEX! THEY HAVE TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF MY NATURAL BESTIAL URGES!

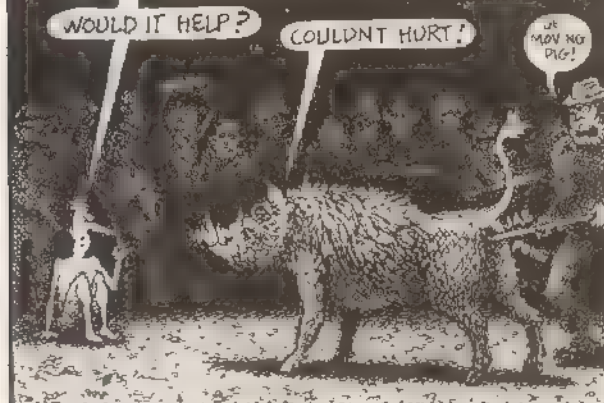


WAIT! I JUST REMEMBERED THAT I HAVE A SPARE WONDER WART-HOG COSTUME CONCEALED IN MY NAVEL, IN CASE THERE SHOULD EVER ARISE A SITUATION JUST LIKE THIS ONE!

WOULD IT HELP?

COULDN'T HURT!

OK  
MOVING  
DIG!



LEAP

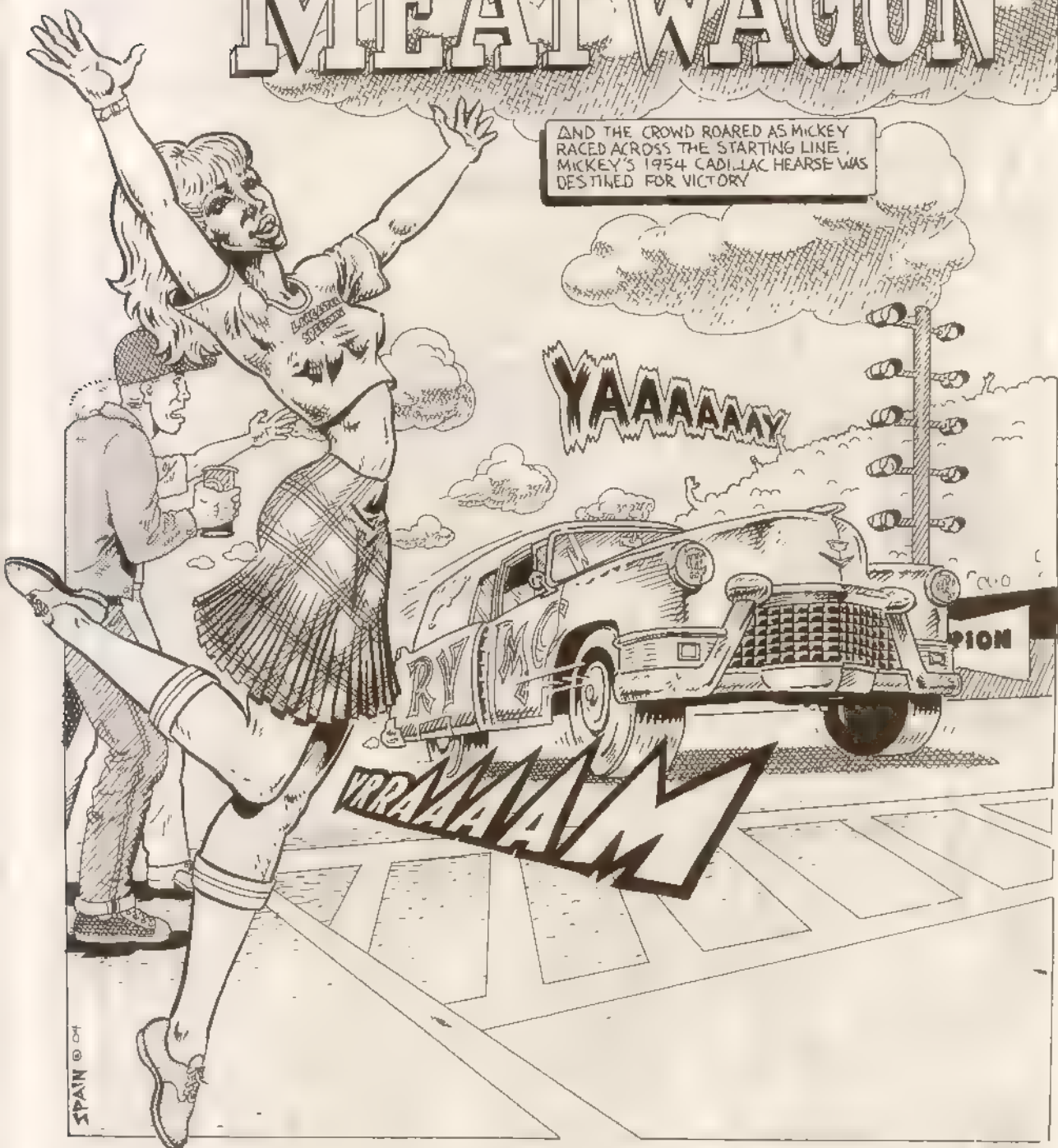






# Mickey's MEATWAGON

AND THE CROWD ROARED AS MICKEY  
RACED ACROSS THE STARTING LINE.  
MICKEY'S 1954 CADILLAC HEARSE WAS  
DESTINED FOR VICTORY.





A black and white comic book illustration. On the left, a man wearing a baseball cap and a short-sleeved shirt is seen from the back, handing a small object to a woman on the right. The woman is wearing a vest over a long-sleeved shirt and has a speech bubble above her head that says "THANK YOU THANK YOU". The man's speech bubble says "THANK YOU THANK YOU". The woman is smiling and looking at the object. The man is also smiling. The background is plain.

MICKEY CRAYED SPEED

THIS SHIT WAGON WILL JUST DO 103 I GOTTA GET ME SOMETHING WITH MORE TOP END

ONE PARTICULAR NIGHT...

**NO WAY AM I GOING TO FUCK YOU IN THE BACK OF THIS GODDAMN FUCKING HEARSE!**

**BUT HE'D SETTLE FOR COMFORT**

ONE PARTICULAR NIGHT...

HEY, GUYS, BUTCH PRANTWURST IS THROWING A PARTY OVER IN CANADA

ALL ALONE  
WITH JUST THE  
BEAT OF MY  
HEART



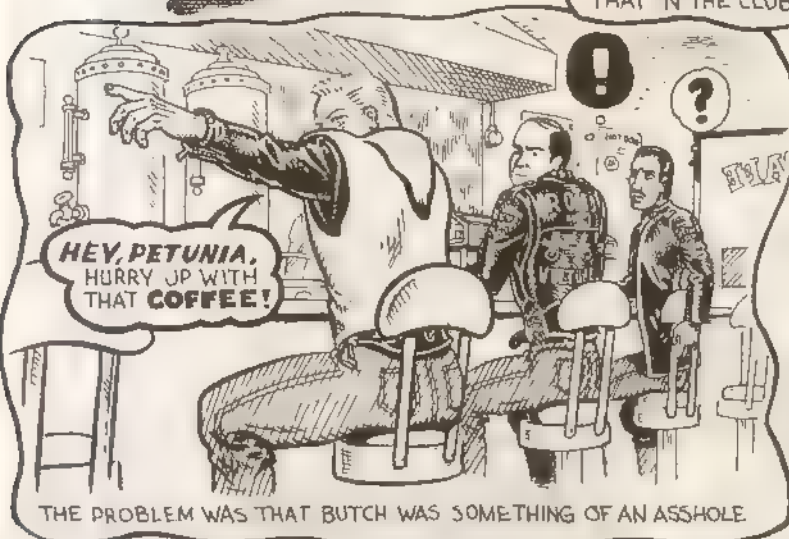
BUTCH PRANTWURST WAS A RICH GUY KNOWN FOR HIS ACTS OF SPONTANEOUS GENEROSITY



AWHILE BACK BUTCH DECIDED TO STRIKE\*FOR THE ROAD VULTURES



AT FIRST HAVING A GUY LIKE THAT IN THE CLUB SEEMED LIKE A REALLY GREAT IDEA

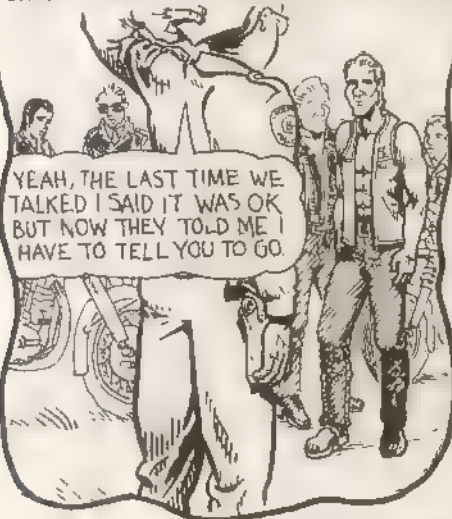


THE PROBLEM WAS THAT BUTCH WAS SOMETHING OF AN ASSHOLE



NOW, BEING RUDE TO WAITRESSES WAS NOT LOOKED UPON WITH FAVOR BY THE ROAD VULTURES THE VULTURES HAD WIVES AND GIRLFRIENDS WHO WERE WAITRESSES AND MANY A FREE CHEESEBURGER WAS PROVIDED TO R.V.M.C. BY THESE FINE WOMEN.

AROUND THIS TIME WE RENTED SOME LAND OUTSIDE OF LOCKPORT FOR A PARTY

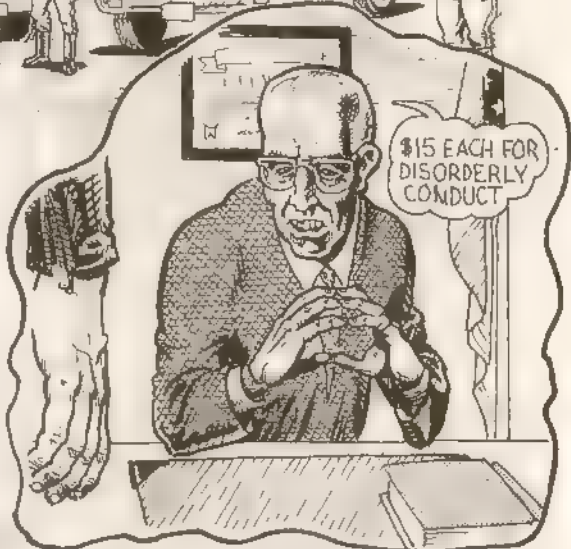
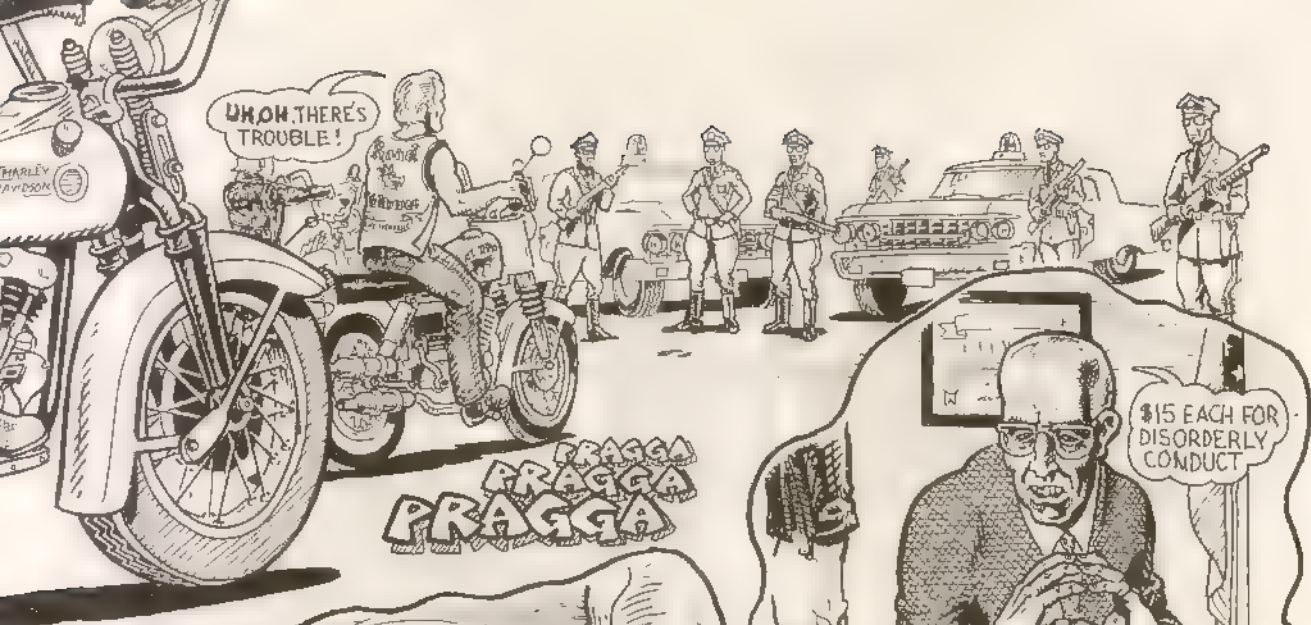


WHAT ELSE COULD WE DO? WE SPLIT!



\* A TWO WEEK TRIAL PERIOD TO SEE IF YOU WERE ROAD VULTURE MATERIAL

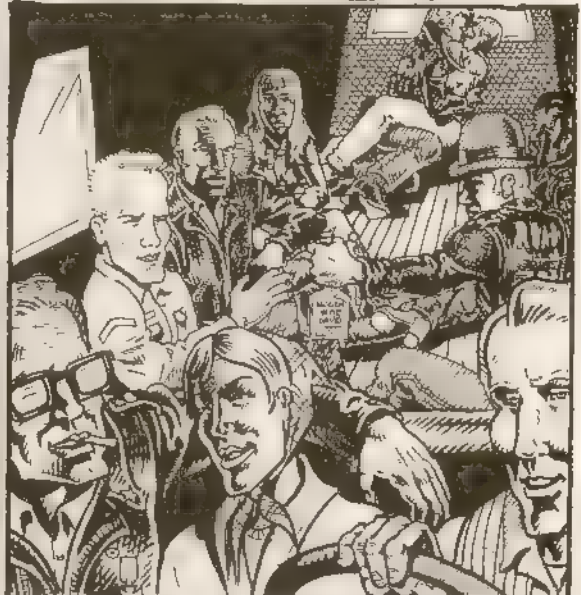
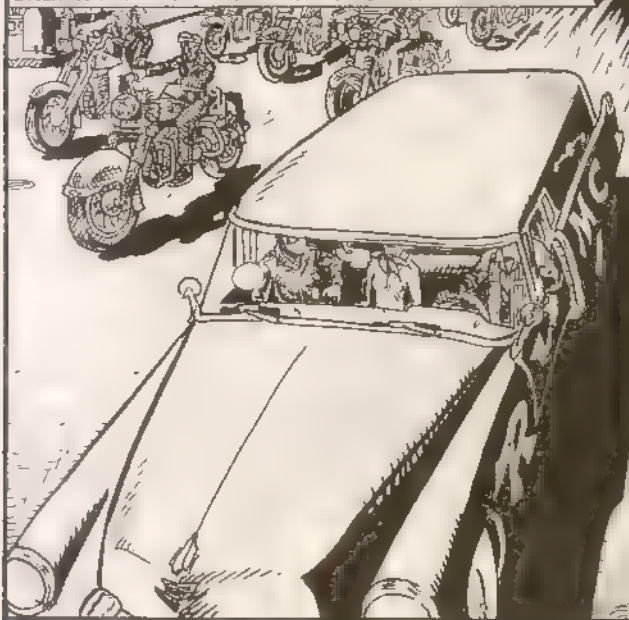




BUTCH WAS RIGHT OF COURSE THIS WAS SIMPLY A MATTER OF EXTORTION UNDER THE PRETEXT OF LAW. MOST OF THE GUYS HAD TO WORK THE NEXT MORNING AND COULDN'T AFFORD TO SPEND A NIGHT IN JAIL. BUTCH NEVER MADE IT INTO THE CLUB I WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO VOTED FOR HIM, PARTLY BECAUSE I FELT SORRY FOR HIM, PARTLY BECAUSE I FELT A GRUDGING RESPECT FOR HIS CLUMSY ATTEMPT TO STAND UP FOR OUR RIGHTS, THE LAW'S CONTEMPT FOR ITSELF, NOT WITH STANDING.

**CONTEMPT OF COURT, \$25 EACH**

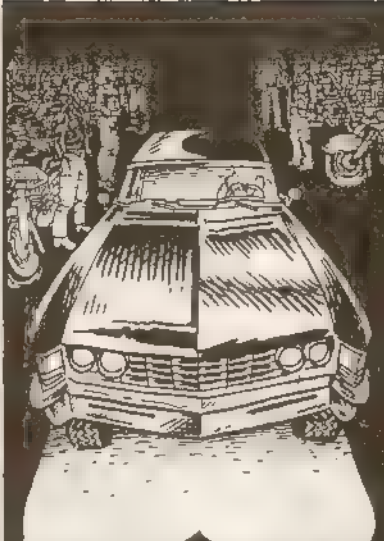
NOW WE WERE HEADED TO HIS PARTY WHERE HE ACTUALLY BELIEVED WE WERE GOING TO PAY A BUCK FOR HIS STEAKS.



ON THE WAY WE PICKED UP MICKY'S YOUNGER BROTHER, JACK, WHO WAS ON LEAVE FROM THE ARMY IN THE BACK. SPIDER WAS LUSHING IT UP WITH HIS NEW GIRL FRIEND.

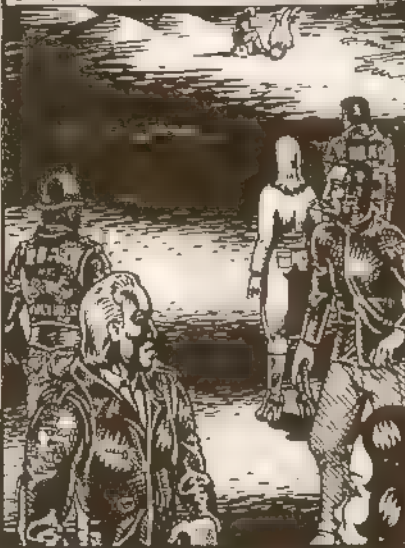


THE ROAD VULTURES HIT THE BEACH,  
THE FIRST TO PARTY

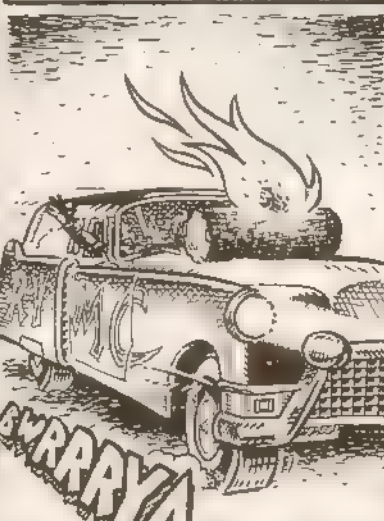


SOON BUTCH SHOWED UP WITH THE  
STEAKS, IN HIS NEW BUICK RIVIERA

FAR DOWN THE BEACH WE SPOTTED A MAN  
SITTING IN FRONT OF A FLAMING LOG.



SUDDENLY,  
THE HAPLESS BEACHCOMBER FOUND  
HIS EVENING REVERIES INTERRUPTED



WARRAYA

AS THE STEAKS COOKED ON THE FLAME  
SPIDER AND HIS GIRLFRIEND SNUCK OFF.



TENSION  
GREW AS WE WAITED TO SEE WHO  
WOULD BE THE FIRST TO SWATCH A STEAK.





INEVITABLY THE FIRST STEAK WAS GRABBED FROM THE GRILL

BUT THE STEAK WAS TOO HOT TO HANDLE!

OW

I MUST ACT SWIFTLY!

EVERYONE ASSUMED THAT IT HAD FALLEN IN THE SAND BUT I SPOTTED THE CHOP ON A PIECE OF NEWSPAPER

I GRABBED THE STEAK AND TOOK OFF FOR WAYNE, THINKING I WAS RUNNING OUT ON HIM, CAME AFTER ME

NO, WAYNE, WAIT!

WAYNE MANAGED TO TACKLE ME BUT ONCE AGAIN, I SAVED THE STEAK FROM A SANDY FATE

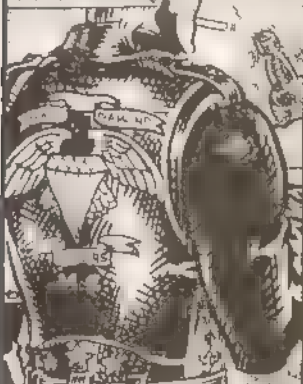
PLONK!

BY THE TIME WE FINISHED OFF OUR STEAK A CARNIVAL LIKE ATMOSPHERE PREVAILED AT THE CAMPFIRE WITH FREE STEAKS FOR ALL

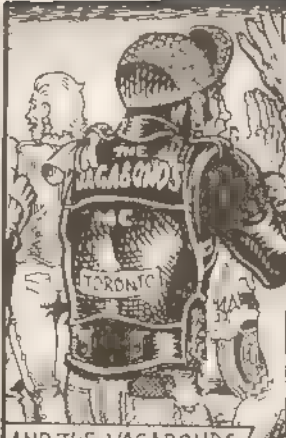
MEANWHILE, BUTCH SAT ON A ROCK OUT ON LAKE ERIE FORLORNL MUNCHING ONE OF HIS STEAKS...



THEY WERE ALL THERE.  
THAT NIGHT



THE BDRS WERE THERE



AND THE VAGABONDS  
TOO, BOTH FROM CANADA.



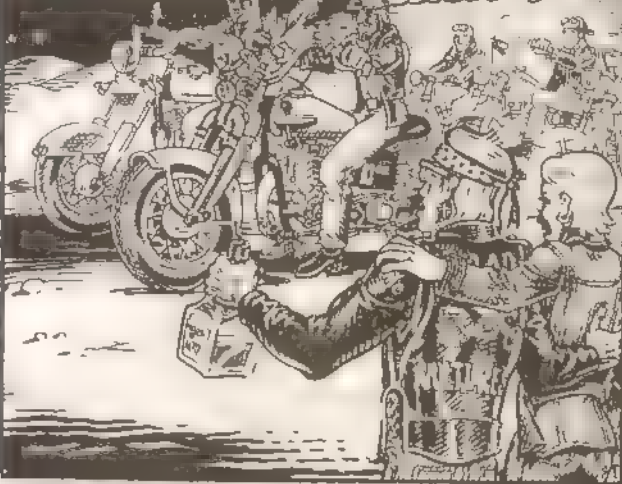
THE RAGGEDY  
ASS RANGERS WERE THERE.



THE GALLOPING  
GOONS WERE THERE.

THE KINGSMEN, THE CHALECOS, THE THEMADONES, THEY  
HAD CHANGED THEIR NAME FROM THE MAD ONES TO GET INTO  
THE AMERICAN MOTORCYCLE ASSOCIATION. ALL THE CLUBS  
HAD COME TO PARTY.

**BLUESKY**

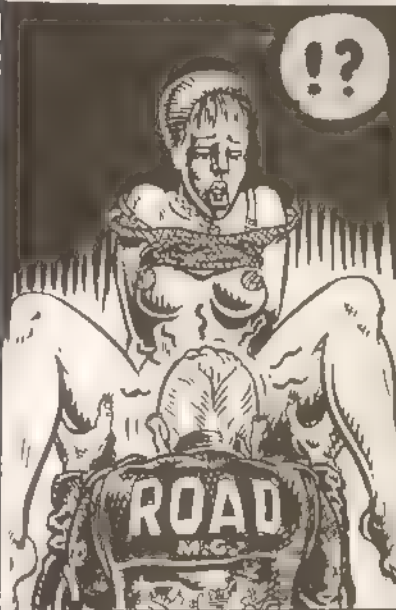


MEAWHILE, SPIDER AND HIS GIRLFRIEND'S  
ACTIVITIES HAD GONE WELL BEYOND 'HEAVY PETTING'.

AS SOON AS SPIDER GOT HER PANTIES  
OFF HE STARTED TO GIVE HER HEAD

NO ONE HAD EVER DONE THIS TO HER  
BEFORE AND SHE BURST INTO TEARS

BUT HER TEARS SOON TURNED  
INTO SQUEALS OF JOY





124

1

MEAWHILE MICKEYS  
BROTHER SLPPED INTO BUTCH'S BUICK

## AND OFF HE WENT

**vrooom**

MAN, WAS BUTCH PISSED WHEN HIS CAR  
CAME BACK FROM THE DRINK

**RRRRRRRRRRRR**

LISTEN TO THAT  
IT DOESN'T SOUND  
RIGHT. I PAID **BIG**  
**BUCKS** FOR THIS  
CAR AND IT'LL  
COST YOU IF  
ANYTHING'S  
WRONG.

IT WAS JUST STARTING TO GET LIGHT OUT  
WHEN THE BRAND NEW BUICK RIVIERA HIT  
THE WAVES



JACK BEGAN TO CHIDE BUTCH...

OOOH, LISTEN TO THAT. IT DOESN'T SOUND RIGHT. THIS IS A 1954 CADILLAC YOU'LL PAY BIG BUCKS ETC. ETC.

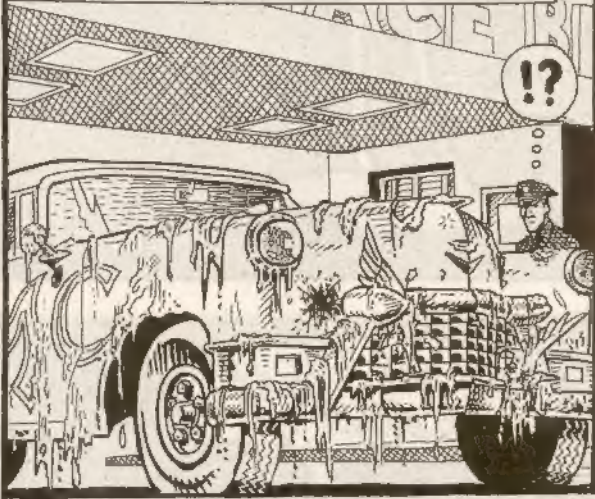
RRRRRRRRRRRRRR

ON THE WAY BACK WE RAN INTO A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS. MICKEY SWERVED INTO THE MIDDLE OF THEM JUST FOR SAVAGE AMUSEMENT.



LONG AFTER THE OTHER REVELERS HAD FLED THE SCENE, THE ROAD VULTURES ENDED THE FESTIVITIES WITH A BOOZY SEAWEED BRAWL.

AS WE PULLED INTO U.S. CUSTOMS ON THE PEACE BRIDGE THAT MORNING, WE MUST HAVE BEEN A BIZARRE SIGHT.



THE BRIDGE CUSTOM AGENT ASKED US THE USUAL QUESTION.

WHERE WERE YOU BORN?



HOW ABOUT YOU GUYS IN THE BACK?

BUFFALO  
BUFFALO  
KENMORE

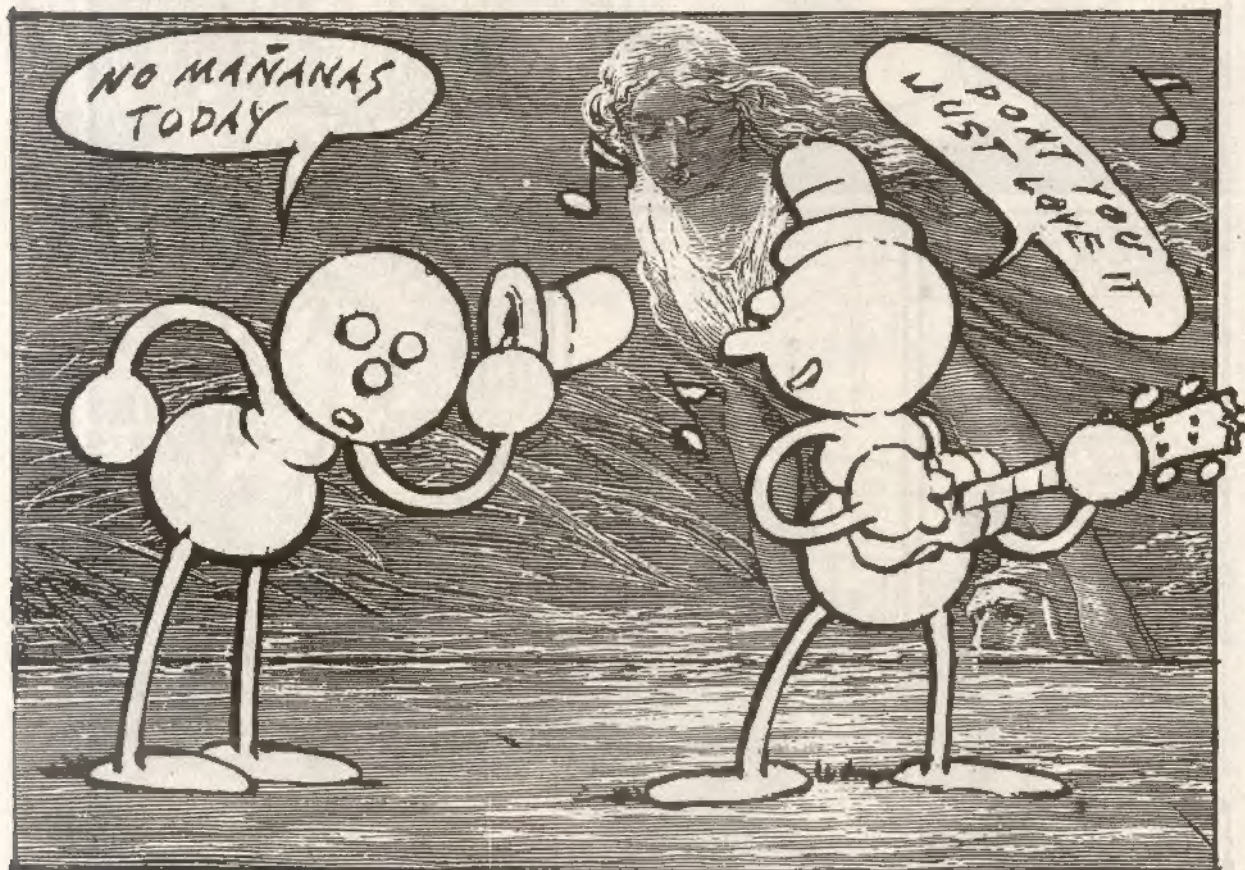
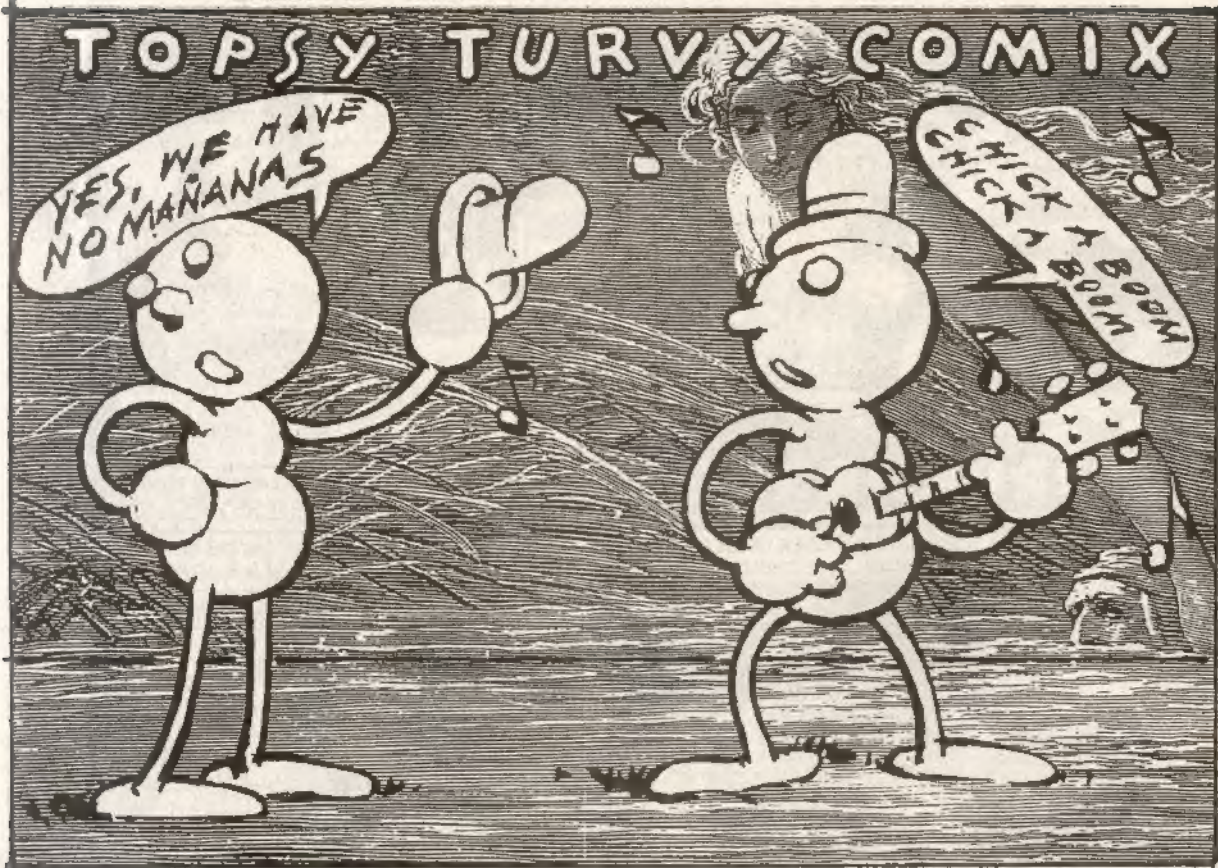


AND YOU BACK TH... WHA !!?

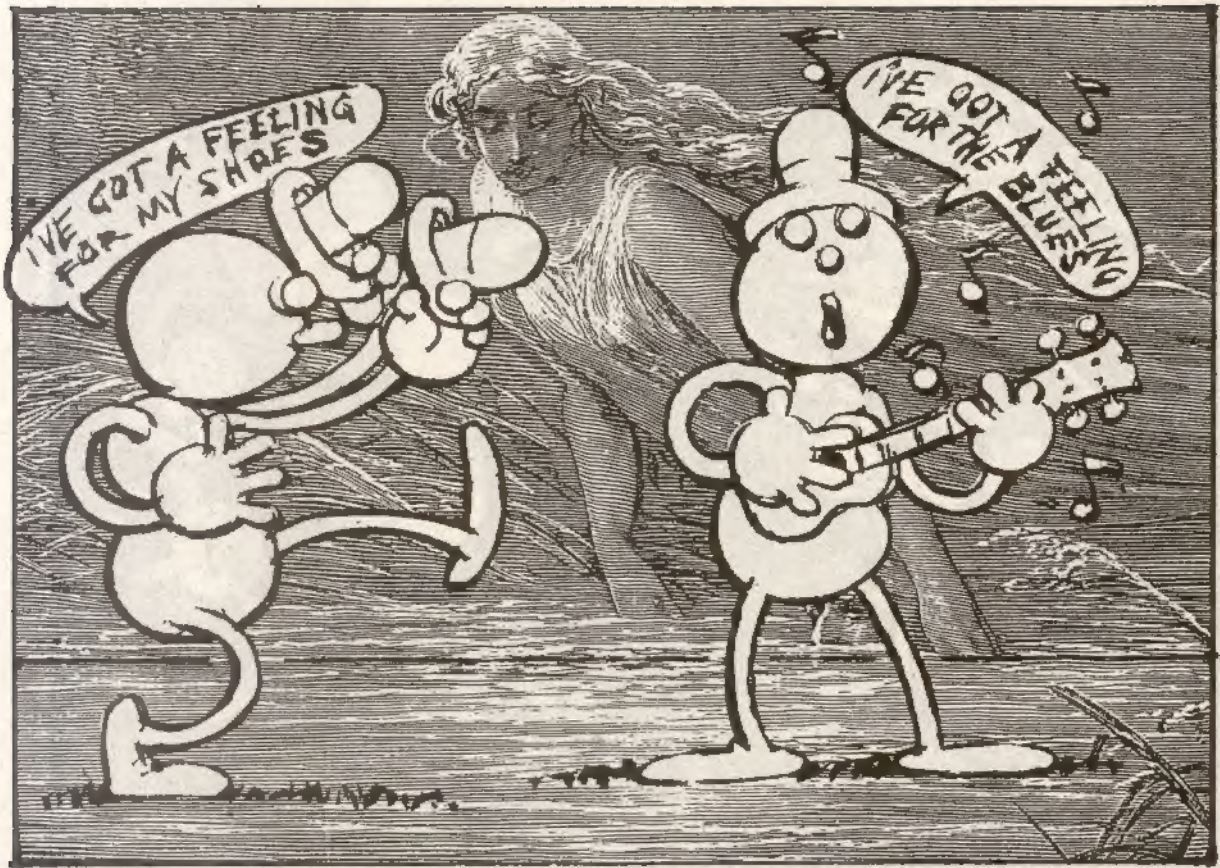
THE END



# TOPSY TURVY COMIX







more



